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CHRONICLE

Home News.—Mr. W. Jett Lauck, who was connected with the late United States Commission on Industrial Relations, has completed his report on the underlying economic causes of industrial unrest. He outlines these causes as follows:

Labor, Revenue, Preparedness

The constant increase in the price of goods during recent years, resulting in a decline in real wages, very marked in this country and abroad.

Inequalities in the distribution of the output of industry, due to the coordination of industry, and the improvement of facilities for transportation and communication; and, coincident with this "the subordination of the industrial worker to machinery and the consequent weakening of his bargaining power"

Unrestricted immigration, which has enormously increased the labor supply, checked wage advances by lowering the standard of living and intensifying unemployment.

The uncontrolled issuance of stocks and bonds in all industries, including railroads, resulting in the absorption, by interest and dividend requirements of fictitious securities, of the increased productivity of the laborer.

The insecurity of employment to workers in mines and mills.

The growing physical and nervous pressure placed upon industrial workers.

Lack of accident and sickness insurance.

Woman and child labor.

Control of industrial communities by corporations.

Excessive hours of work.

Lack of organization for collective bargaining among the workers.

Lack of aspiration for advancement on the part of many workers, chiefly recent immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe.

Mr. Lauck finds general conditions bad and declares that present economic forces must be supplanted by others which will gradually work out a new in-

dustrial order. This ultimate goal is to be attained, not by a legislative panacea, but "by codes of business, corporate and political conduct, by general and industrial education, and by the attitude and programs of labor organization." The report emphasizes the idea that the workman should receive a fair share of the output of the industry; this share should be based partly on the worker's efficiency and productivity and partly on the results of industrial progress. At the same time the rights of capital and property must be carefully considered. In conclusion the report states "the fundamental problems of developing better industrial relations and a larger measure of industrial peace, as follows:

Equity in the distribution of industry by proper regulation of the corporation organization of industry.

Industrial education for the development of productive efficiency.

The adoption of better agricultural methods of production and distribution and the reduction of wasteful habits of consumption among all classes of population.

The contents of this report became known on December 16; the following day Mr. Mann, minority leader of the House introduced a bill providing for a Bureau of Labor Safety in connection with the Department of Labor; the purpose of this Bureau will be to investigate labor safety plans and devices of all kinds, and also to study means for the prevention of vocational disease. A similar bill passed the House last year and was debated but not passed by the Senate.

An extension of the emergency revenue law till December 31, 1916, has been declared necessary to meet the 1916 deficit which, according to estimates, will be \$81,525,000, including a \$10,000,000 postal deficit. The extension of the law will provide \$6,800,000 a month.

It is interesting to note that revenue from distilled spirits, fermented liquors and tobacco decreased \$25,000,000 the last fiscal year. Estimates of ordinary internal revenue receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, are \$272,000,000, compared with \$283,398,760 last year, "thus indicating a further anticipated revenue reduction from this source of more than \$11,000,000."

Preparedness is still keenly discussed. There was read in the House a letter of Admiral Dewey to Congressman Gardner, advocating a strong navy. The Admiral declared that only a fleet strong enough to meet on equal terms the navy of the strongest possible enemy could prevent hostile forces from landing at a large number of important places on the Atlantic seaboard. In the Senate, Mr. Weeks argued for a standing army of 1,000,000 men and proposed as part of his scheme a mobile land force and military reserve of 200,000 men at a cost of \$50,000,000 a year for ten years.

The proposed enlisted men in civil and military reserve would be settled with their families in comfortable five-acre tracts provided by the Government, supplementing ten months of productive work at reforestation, irrigation and flood prevention with two months of military training each year. They would be soldier-settlers under control of the Secretary of the Interior in times of peace and subject to orders of the War Department in times of war.

This program conflicts somewhat with an item in the report of the Secretary of Labor, which suggests that Congress in order to solve the problem of the distribution of labor, put to use for purposes of settlement, land to which it now holds title, large areas granted to railroads and extensive unused farms. The final and detailed outcome of the discussion of preparedness is not entirely clear; that some organized opposition to the plans submitted has developed is clear from the fact that Senator Shafroth has introduced a bill for universal disarmament through an international tribunal.

The War.—Nothing of importance has happened in any of the theaters of war except the Balkans. Here the Austrians are vigorously prosecuting their campaign against Montenegro, from the west,

*Bulletin, Dec. 14,
p. m.-Dec. 21, a. m.*

north, and east. On the west, in Herzegovina, the Montenegrins have had their only success, having driven the Austrians across the Subeska River. On the north the Montenegrins have been compelled to evacuate southern Bosnia and to abandon more of northeastern Montenegro. On the east they have retreated more than twenty miles from their eastern boundary, having

Montenegro

yielded to the Austrians, Bjelopolje and Mojkovac and retired to the west bank of the Tara River. Further south, leaving Ipek they have been driven back toward Plava and Gusinje. Of the Bulgarians in Albania nothing has been reported, but it is supposed that they are making ready to withstand the Italians who are said to be marching east from Avlona.

The campaign in southern Serbia has come to a close

and has been succeeded by a lull in the fighting. The Allies finding themselves subjected to a vigorous frontal attack and menaced on both wings, withdrew from southern Serbia to strongly fortified positions in the mountainous district near Salonica. Neither the Bulgarians nor the Germans have crossed the boundary. Bulgaria and Greece have come to provisional agreement that neither of them will approach within ten miles of the Greek-Serbian boundary, but Germany has intimated to Greece that German armies intend to follow the Allies into Greek territory and to attack them at Salonica.

Current rumor has it that the Allies after discussing the advisability of relinquishing the Balkan campaign, have finally decided to defend Salonica at all costs. Accordingly 100,000 British troops have been withdrawn from Gallipoli, presumably to be sent to Greece.

Replying to the note of the United States concerning the sinking of the Ancona, the Austrian Government raises two questions of doubt, first, as to the facts themselves, and second, as to the correct-

The Austrian Note

ness of the legal interpretation put upon those facts by the United States. It leaves, therefore, to the United States Government to set forth the particular circumstances of the affair on which it bases its case, and to formulate the particular points of law against which the commanding officer of the submarine is alleged to have offended. Moreover it asserts that it is under no obligation to be guided by the correspondence that has passed between Berlin and Washington, and reserves to itself "as a matter of course" "full freedom to maintain its own legal views in the discussion of the case of the Ancona." The communication closes with the assurance that "the Imperial and Royal Government in no less a degree than the American Government, and under all circumstances, most sincerely deplores the fate of the innocent victims of the incident in question."

The answer of the United States to this communication has already been forwarded to Vienna but has not yet been given to the public. According to reports, however, our Government has refused to enter into a discussion either of the circumstances of the case or of the legality of its claims. It simply reiterates its demands, and declares that the statement made by the Austrian Admiralty is ample justification for all that was contained in its previous note.

China.—Recent dispatches from China confirm the report of last week that President Yuan Shih-Kai was offered the Imperial Crown by the Council of State, sitting

*Yuan to Become
Emperor*

as a Parliament, and that he accepted the honor. Some time ago fifteen out of the eighteen provinces in the country were reported to be in favor of a monarchy, 1,993 representatives out of 2,043 voting for the change. It is probably China's fear of Japanese aggression that

has brought about this peaceful revolution. The people have such confidence in Yuan that they wish to strengthen his hand, and secure the continuation of his policy by having him become in name what he has long been in fact. The recent disturbances in Shanghai harbor are said to have been fomented by the Japanese with the help of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, in the hope of preventing the restoration of the monarchy. When the Council of State announced last month the coming change of government, Japan, Great Britain and Russia protested so strongly, that China assured those Powers that her form of government would not be altered this year. But the growing belief that Japan was trying to secure commercial and military control of China has now made Yuan's subjects suddenly place him on the throne of the Manchus. He does not appear to be very enthusiastic about the change, for when the Cabinet on December 13 went to the palace to congratulate him on his forthcoming accession, Yuan spoke feelingly of the increased responsibility he would have as Emperor, avoided naming a day for his coronation, discouraged all plans for a big celebration, and urged his Ministers to work harder than ever to better conditions in China.

Great Britain.—The event of the week was the long expected recall of Sir John French. Since the appointment of General Castelnau as chief of the French General Staff, it has been rumored that

Changes in the Staff the appointment of a new British commander would be made as a necessary step in consonance with a new policy. Sir John's retirement is, according to the official bulletin of the War Department, "at his own instance" and he has been advanced to the dignity of a viscount of the United Kingdom. He has also accepted an appointment as Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the troops in the United Kingdom. His successor is Sir Douglas Haig. Sir Douglas, who is fifty-four years of age, began his military career in 1884, and won distinguished honors in the Sudan and South African campaigns. Several times during the present war, he has been praised in dispatches, and his conduct at the battle of the Aisne was described by Sir John French as "bold, skilful and decisive." Through his skilful management of the troops, he prevented the retreat at Mons from becoming a rout. With the recall of Sir John French and the dispatch of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien to the command in South Africa, it is thought that Lord Kitchener has completed his reorganization of the General Staff. A number of changes in commands of lesser importance will follow as a matter of course.

On December 18, a Royal Proclamation summoned groups, number two, three, four and five, recruited under the Derby plan, for service beginning on January 20.

Training the Recruits

These groups are composed of unmarried men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two; the first

group, which will probably be the last to be called, consists of eighteen-year-old boys. Lord Derby has publicly stated that he does not know the precise number of enlistments secured under his direction, and has declared that conscription, should it be necessary, will be applied in the first instance to unmarried eligible men who refused to register before December 15. Such men will prove indifferent soldiers.

Ireland.—Conscription continues to be the topic of the hour in Ireland. The subject is discussed in cities, towns, and villages with an earnestness that shows how close it lies to the Irish heart. As far as can be learned from the chief Irish papers, this manner of obtaining soldiers is entirely unwelcome. The Irish Party has again put itself on record against it, in a long letter written by Mr. Dillon to the Secretary of the Cavan Urban District Council, in answer to resolutions expressing "confidence in the assurances of Mr. John Redmond and the Irish Party, that conscription will not be enforced."

Though the Irish people are united in opposition to enforced enlistment, yet it cannot be said that they are altogether in agreement with the whole policy of the Irish leaders. The *Weekly Freeman*, the *National Volunteer*, the *Weekly Independent*, are entirely loyal; *New Ireland* approves the Party's general policy, but does not hesitate to speak out its mind in criticisms that are always sane and illuminating. The incisive *Leader* is out of sympathy with the Party. In its issue of December 4 it terms Mr. John Dillon a "political fossil," and declares that "he has been a melancholy calamity for the country during the past twenty years." The *Hibernian* of the same date addresses an open letter to Mr. Redmond; its trend can be judged from this passage:

So it has turned out, and for a quarter of a century or so you have in conjunction with your colleagues reveled in an orgy of masterly inactivity. The Anglicizing process begun in your early youth has developed so much that now you avow yourself an upholder of the Empire, the Empire which has devastated the population of your native country by scattering it to the four winds of the earth, and would now have the remnant of its manhood spill its blood on the Continent of Europe to save the bully of the world from ignominious defeat. And now you have returned from the Western battle front, where you went at the command of your paymasters to delude the Irishmen fighting in the British ranks into the belief that the people of Ireland were at one with them in their endeavor to save the Empire, and that recruiting was proceeding apace at home so that the gaps made by the German hail of lead may be filled. What a terminological inexactitude, due no doubt to your colossal ignorance of the trend of events in an island called Ireland!

Just how many people think with the *Leader* and the *Hibernian*, it is difficult to say, but that their number is not inconsiderable may be surmised from this sentence written by one of AMERICA'S Irish correspondents: "The *Independent* and *Freeman* have done good work in the

past, but their present attitude has displeased a large number of the Irish people."

Mexico.—The truth about Mexico is gradually seeping into places which at one time seemed "truth-proof." As reported in the *Boston Globe* of December 15, Miss

*Famine, Disease,
Persecution*

Louisa T. Loring, emergency secretary of the Red Cross, told an audience in the Arlington Street Church

Boston, that

conditions are worse today in Mexico than in Serbia. From 300 to 400 persons are dying each day of starvation in the city of Mexico; typhus is epidemic in many of the cities, and the Red Cross is helpless because its agents were driven from the country the 21st of last October, the day President Wilson recognized General Carranza.

The report continues:

For some months prior to that date, the Red Cross had been feeding from 100,000 to 125,000 daily in the city of Mexico alone, people who otherwise would have starved, and what happened to these people after that date she was unable to tell, but through Mr. O'Connor, who had charge of this work for the Red Cross in the city of Mexico, it had been learned that the conditions are now beyond belief, and that other Mexican cities are almost in as deplorable a condition, with the added horror of an epidemic of typhus, such as swept over and ravaged Serbia a year ago.

Asked after the meeting how it was that these facts had not been made public, Miss Loring shook her head and simply remarked that the public was not aware of what was going on in Mexico, but the Red Cross knew and had the facts in its possession. She also said that the Red Cross was ready at a moment's notice with all necessary supplies and help to renew its work in Mexico, and was only waiting for the removal of the ban or embargo that had been placed on this work by Carranza.

Meantime persecution continues as usual. A recent article in *El Presente*, which is published in San Antonio, says:

Religious persecution by the Carranzistas still continues at full speed, in our unfortunate country, as can be proved from information that we receive daily. . . . The famous Siroub, whose many exploits we have already told, has just driven from Leon the gentle and popular Sisters of Mercy; and from Guanajuato the Sisters of the Good Shepherd who had charge of an orphan asylum, a maternity hospital and a home for Magdalens. The scenes which took place when the Sisters were expelled were heartrending. The unfortunate and helpless creatures, who in the exiled Sisters were losing their only help, comfort and protection on earth bade their benefactors farewell with sobs and tears. But neither their sobs nor their tears could move the hearts of the unprincipled adventurers, who pretend to be so deeply interested in the welfare of the people. The same Siroub also drove out from Guanajuato the Ladies of the Sacred Heart who, by the education they give to the girls and young ladies of Mexico, have rendered such important services to the country. The Carranzistas of Puebla, as cruel and heartless as those of Guanajuato, have taken over the monumental church of the Jesuits and have turned it into a library. There is no doubt about it. Carranza is keeping the promise about religious freedom which he made to President Wilson.

This same paper announces that later on it will print the names of priests recently murdered in Mexico.

Rome.—The text of a speech recently delivered by the Pope to the Roman "Society of the Propagation of Faith" is now at hand. His Holiness protested with vigor against those who are striving to lure Roman children from the Church by material inducements. He praised the work of the society, and expressed surprise that it was not more widely extended, for it aimed at the protection of poor Catholics against "robbers worse than those who come from the woods"; the latter are concerned with material goods only, while the former rob souls of their most precious gift, Faith. After detailing some of the methods of the proselyters, the Pope said in part:

Oh, wretched fathers, to whom the free education of their little ones is offered at the price of their separation from the Church! Wretched children, who are given the promise of help for the declining years of their parents if they only join the evangelical sects! There is no need of further insisting on the dangers that threaten the Faith of the children of Rome. One only has to pass through the streets of the dear city in order to see the multiplied methods by which the Catholic Faith is assailed in this its native seat. Nor is it necessary to multiply words in order to put in due relief the greater infamy of this warfare because it is undertaken against the very center of the Catholic religion.

We must preserve the Faith of Our poor brethren; We must hinder the execrable robbery from being done to their utter ruin. Let no one tax Us with the language of exaggeration; the sum total of the assaults against the Faith of the children of Rome We stigmatize as robbers' work. The conspiracy of these thieves must be destroyed by a powerful organization of the defenders of the Faith, and this is already realized in the Society for the Preservation of the Faith in Rome. It opens schools and industrial centers, it opposes the good press to the bad press, it furthers the education of youth, and leads parents and children back to the holy Church of God. Continue your support of this movement, and, above all, make its importance and necessity widely known. It is only by such apostolic work that this Society for the Preservation of the Faith in Rome will assume that character of universality without which We shall hope in vain for results equal to the urgent need of the case. . . .

Among the official acts of the Holy Father, this past week, was one of far-reaching importance to Canada, the creation of two new ecclesiastical provinces. The first is that of Saskatchewan, with Regina as the residence of the archbishop, who will be Bishop Mathieu, at present Bishop of Regina. The second province, Winnipeg, has been made by dividing the Province of St. Boniface, Manitoba. The new archdiocese comprises the territory west of Lake Winnipeg and the Red River, the Archbishopric of St. Boniface retaining the territory to the east. The new Archbishop of Winnipeg will be the Reverend Alfred Sinnott, at present secretary to the Apostolic Delegation for Canada and Newfoundland, while the Rt. Reverend Arthur Beliveau, Auxiliary Bishop of St. Boniface, will become Archbishop of that See, in succession to the late Archbishop Langevin of pious memory.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Return of Pageantry

THOUGH still in an eclipse of economic slavery and desolate irreligion there is some real sign that the English-speaking people may again become a gay and poetical race, as they were in the Middle Ages. I have always thought that the English coronation service might not unworthily be called the last and greatest of the pageants. But we do not, unfortunately, have coronation services frequently enough to enliven our dull lives. It is in other directions that we must look for changes; and it so happens that certain celebrations have really shown the culmination of a change in the English people; a change which is widespread, profound, and, I think, historic.

The outbreak of those earnest and archeological fancy dress balls of recent years all over England, and I hear all over America as well, was largely spontaneous and was extremely astonishing. For nearly two hundred years the whole trend of the English had been in the direction of despising symbolic vestments and *rococo* festivals and telling everybody to stick to mutton-chop whiskers and to mutton chops. We looked lovingly on the shapes of our own policemen, merely because they were ugly; and we regarded the mildest *gendarme* at a foreign railway station as a sabred brigand. This view was not only general, but genuine, deep, native and sincere. The merchants and farmers who felt it were far more English than the Young England dandies or the mountebanks who tried to interfere with it. Yet it is being abandoned now; not by dandies or mountebanks, but seemingly by the genuine British public, and its adoption and its abandonment are equally subtle enigmas of history. Why did we ever have this shyness about dressing up, and why are we losing it? I have a notion of my own, which I fear brings in controversial issues, as most real things will, and I think it worth while to outline it: I can outline it in one sentence. The night is still about us; but Puritanism has died in the night.

The Puritans, in their hours of pride, seem actually to claim that the English peoples, in whatever land, are fundamentally Puritan, were made by the Puritan spirit. They put Cromwell in the place of Alfred; they put him not merely at the head of English patriotism, but at the beginning of English history. They make old England a sort of Puritan colony, like New England. All this, of course, is a ludicrous delusion. The first facts or names that jump to the mind will remind any one that England had a splendid national literature and a very unmistakable type of national life before the hat of a single Puritan had been seen and hooted in England. Chaucer is even more English than Bunyan; Shakespeare is certainly more English than Milton. The Tabard and the Mermaid, Lady Godiva and St. George,

Robin Goodfellow and Robin Hood, belong to a national tradition that has not even been touched by Puritanism; yet which is quite different from the tradition of Spain, of Scotland, or of France. Chaucer's Franklin, whose beard was white as a daisy, and in whose house "it snewed meate and drink," was as certainly an Englishman as he most certainly was not a Puritan.

Puritanism was something put into the English people after they had grown to their full national stature. Some hated it as an alien poison; some praised it as a violent medicine. But nobody pretended that it was the natural bread and ale that had hitherto built up the countrymen of Colet and Ben Jonson. It might indeed be maintained that in all the three cases of nations thus raided by Puritanism, the Scotch, the English and the Dutch, this religion has been rather a sort of spell or possession than a true change of personality. It might be suggested that in each case a merrier and more medieval nation went alive into that land of bondage and is now coming alive out of it. Thus the Scotch romance and witchery which Scott and Stevenson have brought to life is only the return of a spirit most marked in the old Scottish ballads and chronicles, in the tales of Tamlane in the forest, and Thomas the Rhymer among the fairies; and in that almost Arthurian romance of the roving court of Robert Bruce, which left, like a gypsy blood for generations, a tradition of wandering Scotch kings. Even in Scotland, I believe, Calvinism has only been an episode. The Scotch are taking off their "blacks" and appearing again in the purple of their ancient poetry. We may yet hear the twang of the last precentor before we really hear the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Even in the third case of Holland, of which I know far less, something of the same kind could be suggested. Before the coming of the Puritan, the people of the flat country had already shown that talent for a certain detail and domesticity in art which fills so many galleries with their quaint interiors and their convincing still life. It might well be maintained that the same note of half religious realism, of an almost mystical silence and solidity, is being sounded in much of the new literature of the Netherlands. Nothing could be more like the almost conventional quietude and neatness of the pre-Reformation art among the Flemings. And nothing certainly could be more unlike the somewhat vulgar yet really demonic energy, the curious mixture of bourgeois smugness and visionary anarchy, that marked the mighty days of the Puritan. Nothing could be further from the new tone in Dutch literature than the sensational art and literature of the Protestant extremists, as you may see it in old Bibles or illustrations of Bunyan; an atmosphere at once monstrous and prosaic, mixed of a mild view of this world and a mad view of the other; the earth an endless London suburb like Clapham, and the sky a permanent apocalypse. It left on the mind a confused sense that angels had whiskers and saints had top hats; and certainly the dull energy in it was at the op-

posite extreme from the spirit of a small room as described by the Belgian poet Verhaeren or painted by Memling.

But the case of England at least admits of no mistake. Not only did England produce a most anti-Puritan literature before the Puritans existed, but it went on, under the Puritans and in spite of the Puritans, producing a literature quite anti-Puritan. There is as little that is Puritan about Fielding and Dickens as there is about Chaucer and Shakespeare. Dickens quite obviously existed to champion everything that the Puritans existed to destroy; when Mr. Scrooge is converted to Christmas, Cromwell or Ireton would have thought that Scrooge was relapsing and not repenting. When Scrooge and his clerk sit down to "a bowl of smoking bishop," the Puritan would have been equally disgusted with the spirit and with the name. Nevertheless, the Ironside element, though alien to England, was to a certain extent mixed with it; and I myself believe that it is to this partial mingling of a foreign and a native idea that we owe the curious attitude of the English peoples, until lately, towards processions, religious and secular, pomps and historical pageants. Nothing else will explain this phenomenon so well.

The Calvinist color, mixing with each separate national color, made in each case a different blend or tint. The Scotch had been restless, rebellious, fond of mystery, valiant and sometimes cruel. The combination of Calvinism with this produced a sort of somber romanticism which one can feel very strongly in Burns and in the blacker tales of Stevenson. The Dutch, I imagine, were domestic and devout; the combination of Calvinism with this produced a slight dullness and a rage for keeping things clean. The English certainly were lusty, casual and full of broad fun. The combination of Calvinism with this produced a curious kind of bourgeois embarrassment, part humor, part respectability, and part good sense. Since the Englishman was not to wear crimson clothes carelessly, the next most English thing was to wear black clothes casually and unobtrusively. Where the Catholic Englishman had been modest enough to make a fool of himself, the Protestant Englishman had only that lower sort of modesty that will not make a show of itself. He objected to making a pageant, because it is, literally speaking, "making a scene." It is said that the Frenchman shrugs his shoulders; but the Victorian Englishman was born with his shoulders shrugged. His whole attitude until lately has been "What's the good of making a fuss?" It is a sensible and pleasant temper; it is the remains of the real Englishman who gave its patient Pickwickian cheerfulness to the Canterbury Pilgrimage. But it will be gain and not loss if this minor humility of drab and gray can give place to that higher, and more humble humility, which can forget itself in flowers and fireworks and in the colors of carnival.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

"Let Wives Be Subject"

MODERN infidelity is busy seeking to construct a more ideal basis for marriage relations than that which God Himself established. To exact of the bride subjection of any kind is regarded as an indignity to womanhood. Even the very suspicion of it must be avoided and the marriage rite must be changed to meet the requirements of more advanced ideas. The teaching of the Scriptures, revealing to us the Divine Will and the plan of infinite Love as well as of infinite Wisdom, has become a scandal to many in our day. Yet, "Wives, be subject to your husbands, as it behoveth in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter towards them," (*Col., iii: 18, 19*), is the divinely given compendium of the mutual duties of wife and husband. Its meaning lies far beneath the surface of what the world understands by the subjection of love.

The family is a society, the first of all human societies. It cannot therefore exist without authority. Such authority must be vested primarily in a single person. The actual bearer of the authority in any given family is not appointed because of his individual qualities, his mental or moral superiority, but by the declaration of God. It is not because of man in himself, but because of God, that woman renders him obedience. It is to man as the Divinely appointed head that she yields a voluntary subjection of love and of honor, within the limits of his authority, as it behoveth in the Lord.

There is question here of no one-sided contract. Man's duties towards woman, of loving and cherishing her as his own body, as his own self, and of regarding her even in a far higher and more perfect manner, as the Apostle points out, imposes upon him obligations no less great and serious than those which bind her to him in that God-ordained harmony of the Christian family. Of all this the modern paganism can have no conception. On the wife there is bestowed by the Church a true queenship within the home. She obeys the will, yet rules the heart of her husband, and with him holds the governance of the domestic world. To both alike the children are to be subject as Christ was to Joseph and to Mary: "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well and pleasing to the Lord." (*Col., iii: 20*.) It is safe to say that woman's subjection in the truly Catholic home is far less than that which man is daily bound to render outside the home, and which he joyfully bears for her sake. It is indeed the lightest of constraints, motivated by love, leaving untouched her personality and placing no limits to the highest reaches of her soul as wife and mother.

If the very mention of subjection, which Scripture uses in regard to woman, has a bitter savor in the mouth of the modern rebel to God's will, it has all the more glorious an import for the Christian mind, for it sums up thirty long years of the short life of the Saviour: "And he was subject to them." In the holy household

into which He was born Heaven recognized no authority save that of Joseph. To him its commands were given: "Take the child and his mother." He alone was notified by the Angel to fly to Egypt and to return therefrom, the others were left to do his bidding as he was bound to accomplish the higher will. Yet Joseph, though most exalted in the authority of his position, was yet the least of that "earthly trinity." What, therefore, was no indignity for Mary cannot be accounted an indignity for any Christian wife, and never has been felt as such within the Christian home.

The truth so clearly expressed by St. Paul in many places and confirmed by all the Scriptures is no less plainly given in the third chapter of the first letter of St. Peter: "In like manner also let wives be subject to their husbands." Adverting to the outward simplicity and inward adorning of the soul which should characterize Christian wives, he continues: "For after this manner heretofore the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection to their own husbands: As Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him lord." Here, too, however, no one-sided obligation is imposed. The husband's duty is laid down with no less strictness. He is to treat his wife with all the consideration and honor due to her in the love of Christ as the "weaker vessel," and yet by Divine vocation his equal in grace upon earth and in glory hereafter: "Ye husbands, likewise dwelling with them according to knowledge, giving honor to the female as to the weaker vessel, and as to the coheirs of the grace of life."

To these admonitions the Apostle adds what may be called a special sanction for husband and for wife. The latter is to render obedience, that so she may possess her soul in peace, "not fearing any disturbance"; for in no other manner can the sweet order of the household be preserved according to the harmony planned by Almighty God. Every violation of this law brings a discord into the married life. "A woman, if she have superiority, is contrary to her husband." (*Ecclesiasticus*, xxv: 30.) Husbands, on the other hand, are warned not to fail in the honor they must give their wives, and not to fall into selfishness and tyranny, "that your prayers be not hindered." If this is not observed the wings of love are clipped, the ardor of the spirit is dampened, the heart seeks in vain to lift itself up to God with all the energy of its powers, there is a darkness over the heavens and a sternness on the face of Him who despises the tyrant. Mighty on the contrary and irresistible is the prayer rising in unison from two souls joined in love, where wifely obedience blends with manly gentleness, and Christ is "in the midst of them." "Anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them." With three things is the Spirit of God pleased: "The concord of brethren, and the love of neighbors, and man and wife that agree well together."

It is not a curious question to inquire whether the wife's subjection to her husband was already determined

before the first transgression and the Divine sentence which followed upon it: "Thou shalt be under thy husband's power," as the Douay version reads, "and he shall have dominion over thee." Holy Scripture itself answers in the affirmative. It is to the circumstances of the Creation rather than the Fall that St. Paul usually refers in declaring the headship of man. But that subjection which in Paradise was to be the obvious harmony of the natural order, as easily rendered as the flower sways to the summer breeze, received under the changed conditions of the Fall a punitive meaning. So in a similar way the arch of beauty which Noe beheld reaching from earth to heaven need not be considered as the first rainbow mortal ever looked upon. But henceforth and forever it was to have a meaning which it could never have had before. It was to be for man a sign of God's covenant, and not merely "a rainbow in the sky."

"O happy fault!" the Church exclaims of Adam's Fall which gave the world its Redeemer. So, too, may the daughters of Eve exclaim as they regard the sin of their first mother. If the actual subjection of wife to husband is no longer ideal in the natural order, it has been elevated and glorified in higher ways; it has been rendered meritorious in proportion to its sacrifices and enriched with the treasures of sacramental graces; it has been sanctified in a new and hitherto unheard of manner by being modeled upon the mystic union of the Church with Christ. All these immeasurable blessings and advantages the carnal world will indeed never come to understand, but there is another world, a world of peace and happiness as of purity and love, and those who seek it may find it in the heart of the truly Christian wife.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Why Not a Catholic Drama?

THE White List of plays may have been approved by those for whom it was compiled; it was, at least, a demonstration of censorship; but a walk down Broadway is enough to convince one that the gentlemen who control American drama did not consider the list of sufficient importance to influence their customary processes of selection. With revolting persistence play after play still revolves around the Sixth Commandment. This venerable axis of dramatic effort, far from being outworn, is insolvent in its longevity. The dramatic critics have struck it on the head with heavy quills; but it bobs up serenely each season, and the twangy box-office butlers gloat over report sheets. Meringuish musical comedy and the tired business man's burlesque menageries are, of course, always the same.

With all the outcry against immorality, and the alleged attempt to give the public what it wants, the dear old American drama is several notches behind the Chinese standard of theatrical morality. The prevalent hits are plays with a "punch," which usually concern a more or less degenerate Judy. So late has come the attempt to

reform the stage that people neglect morally pure drama, which smacks, to them, of imposition. Their taste has been sharpened for gripping things. They can sympathize with and thoroughly digest even the most complicated cases and circumstances of domestic perfidy.

In the words of Edmund Burke, "something must be done" if posterity, Heaven help it, is to regard our age as anything but banal and minute-killing in theatrical matters. It is hardly probable that one American play out of the scores produced within the last few years will be dug up as relics in the coming "twenties." There is something comically distressing in the thought, that this great nation, with the most acute internal problems imaginable, cannot even point to a worthy comedy of manners as its index for future generations. The only current play that can pretend to any mirror-like qualities is one built around the Reverend Doctor Sunday. *Hinc illa*—

The call of opportunity for a Catholic playwright is unmistakable. A jaded, intelligent audience that is driven to relish the submediocrity of home-talent exhibitions at the parish hall will rise up and acclaim a dramatist who can treat from the Catholic viewpoint, and with interesting seriousness, some one of the many social problems that vex the passing hour and threaten the time to come. It is pessimism to assert that the Catholic viewpoint is unwelcome to non-Catholics. On the contrary, it is usually presented in a correct, didactic manner that fails to elicit non-Catholic sympathy. The bigot is, nine cases out of ten, a "low-brow" who would not approach anything more intellectual than the 10-20-30 vaudeville "show" under any condition but free tickets. He is negligible. But there is a vast Catholic audience, and a greater extra-Catholic audience that will pay real, ringing money to see a good Catholic writer in a dramatic tussle with a big, aching social question.

Naturally, the range of subjects is not wide; and the "Keep Off the Grass" sign must be immediately nailed over the cloister and the presbytery. We have had quite enough innocent travesties of priests on the stage. Judging from Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island," and other less elaborate delineations, the average playwright seems to imagine a hortative voice and a biretta the principal marks of the priesthood. Yet the character of the priest in a play has always excited great interest and comment. In two recent productions, "The Divorce Question," by James Anthony McGuire, and "The Deadlock," by a non-Catholic, a priest was the pivot of the action. Mr. McGuire's play was a tingling melodrama, crude in spots, but treating the subject vigorously and correctly. "The Deadlock" was a deadlock simply through the author's ignorance, real or feigned, of Catholic practice. It was a rhetorical, but not a box-office success, dealing, as it did, with a seminarian who married, and then, under a delusion that his wife was dead, received Holy Orders. "The Divorce Question" was a great success, and its exposition of the merely social side of Catholic opposition

to divorce must certainly have done much to win for the Church the golden opinions of reasonable non-Catholics.

Themes of similar nature, where the Catholic position is misunderstood, are not hard to seek; but they must be sought by experts, absolutely secure in their theology and ethics. What a stabbing, startling play could be made out of the serpent of religious bigotry, as flourishing in America, by a trenchant Catholic mind! The subject is admittedly ticklish; but so is the racial question, yet that was treated with boldness and a fair measure of remuneration in "The Nigger." This play, by the way, is one of the very few American dramas that receive attention from European commentators, because it deals with a vital national issue, none the less vital because it is dormant.

Of course a genuinely spectacular production could be built around Joan of Arc, and a perfect pageant of Catholic apology might be weaved into a tragedy with Luther as protagonist. There are hundreds of picturesque and dramatizable characters of history whose environment and moral are essentially Catholic. But productions of this type involve mechanical and wardrobe expense which modern managers will seldom risk without the "sure-draw" item of the "galaxy of girls." Yet, ignoring history and turning to sociology we can all appreciate the trend of the modern thirst for education. People will pay to see sane problem plays where they will refuse the best craft of Ibsen and his brother gloom-merchants. It is melodrama that American blood desires, and melodrama can be given in educative doses.

The drama is a hard field, the hardest of all to conquer legitimately, without recourse to froth and tricks. But if we have men who can write stories and novels of great human interest, and we certainly have them, we must have men among us who can produce good drama. The very training of the educated Catholic permits this presumption, for the good, well-constructed drama is nothing more nor less than an entertaining syllogism.

However, don't expect the young writer to undertake this work. It is fraught with difficulties that only maturity can master. It is work for heads in their first tinge of gray. Why can't they be equal to it?

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

Glad Tidings

THE Musical Art Society of New York gave its annual Christmas concert some days ago. As has been the custom for the past twenty years, the program of this concert was made up mainly of selections from the beautiful Catholic music of Palestrina and his school, and of French and German Christmas carols from the Ages and Countries of Faith. Though the Musical Art Concerts are for the general public, such beautiful memories are entwined about the music sung that it ought to have very special interest for Catholics.

Of the music of Palestrina and his school many high encomiums have been pronounced by critics competent to judge. In connection with the selections sung a year ago at these concerts one

Protestant critic remarked: "To judge from these compositions the aspirations of the Faithful of those days were upward, and away from human passions and materialism." It may be because this old church music was so spiritual and supernatural that Wagner declared that after so many years it still represented the culmination of ecclesiastical art. It is to be regretted that Catholic choirs do not make use more frequently of selections from this, their rich treasury of the best church music in the world.

The Christmas carols sung at these concerts are of great interest and give one an insight into the simplicity of faith of the people of old. Witness the following verse from a French Noël, set to very naive music:

Le petit Jésus
Disait le rosaire
Penché sur le cœur
De sa tendre mère
C'est lui fit le Pater
Le divin Pater Noster
Et sa voix bénie
Saluant Marie
Disait: Ave Maria
Mélons nos cantiques
Aux accents du Ciel
Noël! Noël! Noël!
Chantons tous Noël!

There are so many versions of the German carol used, of old, at the ceremony called *Kindelwiegen*, or cradling of the child, a kind of miracle play, that it is not surprising one or other of these variations should be found on the Musical Art programs. Part of last year's carol was:

O Jesulein zart, dein Kripplein ist hart
O Jesulein zart, wie liegst du so hart
Ach schlaf, ach thu die Auegelein zu
Schlaf, und gib uns die ewige Ruh!

There is no doubt about it that the people of old made much of their faith; they visualized it and brought it down into their every-day life. And their religion did not make them sad; far from it. None so happy as they, and no countries so bright and cheerful as the old Catholic countries with their holy-day processions, miracle plays and quaint customs. Puritanism is sad and dour, and Puritan Protestantism put an end to much of this pretty playing and holiday-making of the Faithful, to the carols, the quaint rites, the simple piety of the Ages of Faith. 'Tis a sign of a good conscience that one can afford to be light-hearted and at ease amidst the terrible truths of religion; such a person probably enjoys a good sense of humor, *et ridebit in novissimo die*. These old Catholics seem to have caught, to the full, the joy of the Gospel message, the Glad Tidings, and to have heeded the command, "Rejoice always," *Jucunda, Sion*. It is to be noted also in these carols how inevitably the Blessed Mother is brought in: somewhere you will find *per Mariam Virginem* as:

Jésus et Marie
Ne nous quittez pas

or

Nun singet all' mit Schall!
Dem lieben Jesulein
Mariä Sohn.

By contrast, it is sad to read of the industry of Protestants in suppressing the honor thus shown to our Blessed Lady. In the program of this year's Musical Art Concert were quoted the words of the old German carol, *es ist ein Ros' entsprungen*, and in the notes it is told how Pretorius, the Protestant composer of the musical setting used, was for changing the words wherever they had reference to our Blessed Mother. It was also stated how Luther objected very sharply to the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin by the daily singing of her anthem by the Faithful. While

looking over a book on carolry lately, I noticed that although the Protestant author takes his fling at what he is pleased to call Mariolatry, he chooses for the frontispiece of his work Botticelli's beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin, often called the Magnificat, the Child in her arms and all in a circle of Angels, as if a book on carols to be complete must after all acknowledge its source and origin in the first Christian carol, the Magnificat, and in the Mother of God. The theme of the early carols was the Redemption, and the story of the Redemption necessarily includes our Blessed Lady: "They found the child Jesus with Mary his mother." The Child connotes the Mother, and the Faithful of old whose instincts were so true, never forgot, in their caroling, Our Blessed Lady. The old music sung at the Musical Art concerts every year, is redolent of devotion and great faith, of love for the Virgin Mother, and joy of heart. While all owe a debt of gratitude to the Musical Art Society for its unique programs made up of such beautiful examples of an unaccompanied vocal music, Catholics have an additional motive of thankfulness to the Society for preserving in a living form their own simple carols and beautiful music redolent of devotion, great faith, and joy of heart.

P. F. O'GORMAN, S.J.

Catholic Landmarks of Detroit

THE black robe of the Jesuit missionary was already familiar to the natives of Michigan early in the seventeenth century. But perhaps the first white man to set foot on the site of the present enterprising city of Detroit, was the Rev. Dollier de Casson who with his companions parted from La Salle near the mouth of Lake Erie in the autumn of 1670. Travelling westward in search of the Pottawatomies, they found in this neighborhood a large painted rock; this hideous representation of the evil one or Indian manitou, they broke in pieces, piously consigning the fragments to the deepest portion of the river.

The earliest colonists, however, to settle here were the pick and choice of Frenchmen who came with or during the seigniorial jurisdiction of La Mothe Cadillac, who raised the lily of France over Fort Pontchartrain in 1701. These men formed a remarkable group such as no other city of the country could boast. A Froissart might revel in the records of those days when courtly manners and Latin wit blended with savage life. Encouraged by Louis XIV, they had received grants of large tracts of land, which in turn were recognized by the British, and finally confirmed by our Federal Government. Ere long, these, the last of the barons, were driving shrewd bargains in skins and furs with the wily Indian, even glorying in this commercial activity so foreign to their noble progenitors.

Within the enclosure of the fort, close to the house of the commandant, was built at once the little church of squared timbers dedicated to St. Anne. This mother church of the western States was many times destroyed either by fire or oftener for strategic reasons during the frequent Indian mutinies. For at Cadillac's invitation, the Hurons, Ottawas, Miamis and Pottawatomies gathered out of the neighboring forests and settled in the vicinity to the number of 2,000 souls.

The history of early Detroit is quite one with that of old St. Anne's; where all the prominent names of the community were found amongst the *marguilliers de la fabrique*. But most salient today, as then, are the names of the priests. Of such, Father de l'Halle, a Recollect, beloved by red and white, was the first to die, killed by one of a hostile tribe whilst defending his own Miamis. The heaviest loss of the great fire of 1805 was the destruction of the church and neighboring schools established by the zealous Father Richard. This Sulpician, a man of remarkable ability, related through his mother to the illustrious Bossuet, straightway set about rebuilding. He had again, in a short while, primary schools for boys and girls; one well supplied with

spinning wheels for the technical education of Indian girls, and a seminary for young men. Assisted by Father Dilhet, he also trained and prepared four young women from representative families, as teachers in an academy for the higher education of their sex. One of these, Monique Labadie, later Mrs. Antoine Beaubien, endowed in 1854 the Convent and Academy of the Sacred Heart with a generous gift of property. By the religious of the Sacred Heart, who had come to the city a few years earlier, were educated the daughters of all the better families, both Catholic and Protestant.

It was in 1809 that Father Richard brought from the East the first printing press seen in the Northwest Territory. This he fed with his literary output, devotional, educational and Scriptural in character. At the request of the Governor of the Territory and many Protestant gentlemen, this priest lectured publicly every Sunday noon in the council hall on the evidences of Christianity and kindred subjects, until the War of 1812 put an end to this exotic labor, and before long he was imprisoned by the English for his patriotism. Ten years later he penalized a parishioner who had obtained a divorce, the latter sued for defamation of character and obtained a verdict of \$1,000 against his pastor who, unable to pay the sum, was forthwith consigned to the common jail. Thence he set out in 1823 for Washington, having been previously elected Detroit's Representative to Congress. There an appropriation for roads was made at his instance, his speech on the Chicago-to-Detroit Road Bill, and other acts testify to the able services of this priest in the National Legislature, and the affairs of the Indians also received his warm support.

Years previously a number of Father Richard's parishioners of the Côte du Nordest, were placed under an interdict for interference in church affairs. After two years, their submission being received, the interdict was removed, and to give to this act the desired publicity, the venerable Bishop Flaget traversed several miles in a grand procession to the music of the band of the Fourth United States Infantry, the guns of the fort saluting as he passed. Another evidence of the position of the Catholic Church here in that day, may be found in an order of General R. Williams addressed to Captains Campau and Godfroy, Catholic names in esteem today, which concluded as follows: "In the interim you are requested to appear with your company on the Grand Parade Ground in the rear of this city. . . with a view to prepare your men to attend as a military escort at the celebration of the anniversary of the institution of the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In 1803 a monument was erected in St. Anne's Church in memory of a gallant officer of the Revolution, John Francis Hamtramck, who died in command of Fort Lernoult at Detroit. A township that once bore his name is now incorporated in the city proper. When the Sons of the American Revolution placed its "Revolutionary Grave Marker" in 1897 over the remains of Hamtramck, which had later been interred in Mount Elliott Cemetery, Richard Storris Willis pronounced a fitting eulogy on one who had so valiantly defended the community nearly a hundred years before, and whose heroism had procured for him the attention and personal thanks of the immortal Washington.

When Detroit was raised to a bishopric in 1832, Bishop Résé became first incumbent of the See. He remodeled St. Anne's and gave to the ceremonial of its offices a solemnity unsurpassed even in Baltimore. Thanks to the generosity of the Archduchess Leopoldine of Austria, patron and personal friend of the Bishop, his church was supplied with silver and gold service, vestments and altar appurtenances as rich as Europe could provide. At this period, quite the most successful school was St. Philip's College which was conducted under episcopal auspices.

Detroit's history whether ecclesiastical or civic is adorned in the years 1834 and after by the beloved Father Martin Kundig.

On the outbreak of the cholera, this accomplished musician, linguist and mathematician undertook to care for the more needy and neglected of the victims. The city having no hospital, he fitted up the little frame Protestant church which the Bishop had recently bought and which became later the first Trinity Church here. With a primitive improvisation of an ambulance, Father Kundig made the rounds of the city twice daily; carrying the stricken ones on his shoulder from the wagon to the building. Here, ably assisted by six young physicians who had volunteered to act as nurses, he cared for them to the end. The plague over, this apostle of charity received \$3,000 from the city in recognition of his heroic services, and he was requested to continue his charge on a small salary. But the financial crisis of 1837 so embarrassed the municipal treasury that the authorities were unwilling, or unable, to meet their engagement. This obliged Father Kundig to sell whatever he possessed, to cover the deficit with chattel mortgages and ask his creditors for time.

When later a county poor house was established, the city had the sick transferred thither, with the exception of the most feeble, so Father Kundig was left burdened with these, besides forty little orphans. But the faithful priest continued to liquidate his heavy debts, even after his removal to Milwaukee. After thirty-two years he had the last cent paid. Before he left Detroit, however, he had formed a Catholic Female Association, through whose assistance he founded St. Vincent's Hospital, now called St. Mary's, the first hospital of the city and until recent years, the only one to accept contagious diseases. This free institution has had a heroic struggle for existence for more than eighty years with very inadequate help from the city. These daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, besides having charge of the hospital, also conducted St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, the very first institution of its kind in Detroit and likewise founded under Father Kundig's direction. These good Sisters have built a magnificent House of Providence and St. Joseph's Retreat for the Insane.

Mention should also be made of the Good Shepherd Sisters who came here at the generous invitation of a descendant of an early French family, Miss Caroline Godfrey. Their work, testified to by judges on the bench, has flourished despite the bitter prejudices of the "patriotic Philistines," who prefer to see the young girls of the city roaming the streets or housed at greatly increased cost to the city treasury and the tax-payer, than that they should come under the beneficent influence of religion. If ever the wave of persecution sweeps this country, of all the "fools" of St. Paul, the Little Sisters of the Poor are likeliest to be spared further martyrdom; for their almost unjustifiable labor commands the admiration of the merchant and the utilitarian. The University of Detroit, now occupying almost an entire square on Jefferson Avenue belongs to the Jesuits, who opened an academy here late in the seventies.

Thus it would seem that wherever Catholics have deserved well of the city which they founded and fostered through its wild early days, it was uniformly due to the initiative of singularly active and gifted priests and zealous religious communities. Detroit's population is now nearly 600,000, its Catholic laity maintain thirty-five churches and nearly as many schools and are eagerly forming organizations and societies for the advancement of Catholic enterprises of various kinds.

J. BROWNSON.

II—Books and Men

ALL animadversions aside, undoubtedly many people have been helped by one or more of the numerous plans or programs of reading which have been devised. I hasten to say right here that this observation is not a prelude to another program. I have merely a word to suggest as to when one should do his reading. By this I do not

mean that a person can achieve knowledge of literature between the ages of fifteen and twenty, let us say, and then forget that books are in existence. That method might be in some ways advantageous, but it would not be reading. The time I particularly refer to is the time of the year. And for most people there are two divisions in the year, the cold period and the warm.

In a manner, too, there are two general types of books, the profound and what, for want of a more exact term, may be described as the less profound. It is in the colder months, when the fire is crackling in the grate or when the unpoetic steam radiator is making its diplomatic compromise between a treaty and a threat, that we should do our serious reading. November to April: this is the charmed sextet of months for the student, when he can explore the empires of philosophy or the mysteries of Indo-Iranian philology, or woo the winsome fascinations of medieval life. But when May comes, when "the floures ginnen for to spring, farewell my booke." Is not Chaucer right? For what normal man, who loves the blue in the sky, and the new warmth of the sun, whose soul thrills in response to the first green grass, who is gladdened by the voices of little birds, what man or woman that is not hopelessly out of the range and scope of Terence's *Homo sum* can search the ruins of time when the blossoms and splendors of May are voicing the invitation of the wondrous out-of-doors? There are those who will tell me, Koko-wise, that "The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the case," but I must, politely as I can, disagree. A learned treatise on the history of the back-drop in the evolution of stage-setting is interesting, and valuable, in its place, but not so interesting in June-time as a rose-bush in full flower or so valuable to the soul as a walk through a forest lane amid the scents of violet and sweet fern. A book, after all, is only a corollary of life, a little glimpse of a few of life's multiple emotions and expressions. Will one exchange the real for the replica, when the Lowellian June waits illimitable, to be claimed with all its garlands and its gayeties for the gladness of the world?

I wonder, then, if it is not the wisdom of simplicity to delve into learned lore during the months of snow and cold, and reserve the books of lighter vein for the season of charm. Why must I rob precious hours from my Thomas Aquinas or Thomas More or Goethe, to choose at random, to pay them to George Meredith or to Marion Crawford or to a biography of the Duke of Wellington? Not that you must not read an interesting novel or a stimulating biography in the winter, for you must, for your mind's sake; but it is well to plan the easier reading for the days when the lazy hours are waiting for you, trying to make you a sluggard, too. It is no facile task to concentrate on Dante's nine circles of hell when you are voyaging on summer seas, but Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age" seems to pulse with the breathing of the waves; it is a splendidly doleful thing to attempt Beowulf undiluted on a country house veranda overlooking a paradise of lake and valley, though you can take graduated swallows of "An Inland Voyage" and not lose too much of the glamour of your setting.

It is interesting sometimes, when one gets in a fanciful mood, to speculate on what books the men and women we know like best. If our friends, through some distressing circumstance of fortune, had allotted to them just one month more to live, and in that thirty days wished to read two books to make the time less fateful, I wonder what the books would be. Every one, no doubt, or nearly every one, would choose the Bible; or we like to believe that at least some portion of the greatest book would be of spiritual consolation to them. But one hesitates to nominate the second choice. Would it be Shakespeare or George Ade? Would it be

Thomas à Kempis or Dickens? Would it be the *Aeneid* or "Black Beauty," the *Inferno* or "Hugh Wynne," the "Life of Loyola" or "The Strenuous Life," the "Little Flowers of Saint Francis" or "The Little Minister?" No one knows; but the various possibilities are stimulating to the imagination. Well, none of us will ever be called upon, let us hope, to answer the question; we may safely leave it to a modern Boswell to put to some bookseller's son of genius caliber. Nevertheless, the manifold selections would be a valuable commentary on man's judgment in books at the end of his life.

At the beginning of life, or at the time when one begins to form a taste for reading, the judgment is usually a vicarious one. It is like some people's greatness, thrust upon one. And one is blessed, indeed, if the thrusting is done with a just discrimination. I once knew a man whose boyhood reading consisted of a select if not well-selected library of two books, the "Life of Cotton Mather," and Caesar's "Commentaries." By all rights he should have turned out a military genius with an ardently cultivated distaste for ghosts. But he did not; he is only a successful banker. One of my best friends received at the age of six a copy of Thomson's poems as an award for perfect attendance at school. He read it through immediately. It was good discipline, perhaps; it was true devotion to an idea, but it assuredly glorified not the name of the poet. The meeting between the boy's brain and the vagaries of the "Seasons" may have been a mechanical mixture, but it unqualifiedly did not result in a chemical change, if one may be pardoned a figure from the laboratories. Nor can I have much more admiration for a young man who told me that he had read fifty books in a summer vacation of three months. It was too many; ten would have been better, intermingled with a little more meditation and a great deal more play. Fifty solid books in ninety days! a possible, but a too ambitious program. And one is tempted to say with Emerson: "Who in Boston has time for that?"

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Woman Suffrage

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The "Socialist-Feminist-Suffragist" exists only in the imagination of those who deliberately persist in confusing issues. It is true that the Socialist Party endorses woman suffrage; so does the Progressive Party; so does Feminism. But the Suffrage Movement does not concern itself with any of these movements. It is non-partisan and has just one issue before it: the political equality of men and women as a means to a fairer and a better democracy. Suffragists are not hyphenated citizens, they are real Americans.

No one expects woman suffrage to bring about the millennium. No one believes that vice can be voted away. Every Christian knows that only the grace of God and religion have even a chance to vanquish evil. But we do know that an interested citizenship backed up with the power of the ballot can do much more to minimize vice of a public or commercialized character and can do much more to influence the making and the proper administration of laws than a voteless citizenship however interested. We know, too, that there are 1,000,000 women in New York State who believe, and that there are five hundred and forty thousand men who voted, that it is unfair to deny women a voice in the government which must be held responsible for the

proper administration of public affairs all of which affect the lives, interests, and welfare of women as well as of men.

It would take much more than the six "well-reasoned" (?) papers by Mrs. Avery to convince the many splendid Catholic men and women who believe in woman suffrage that in advocating votes for women they are supporting any or all of the extreme fad-theories of the day. I suppose there was never a movement in the history of the world which was not embarrassed by extremists. The citation of individual cases of advocates of extreme feministic, radical, or eugenic ideas is about as good an argument against suffrage as the citation of individual cases of wrong-doing among Catholics is an argument against the Church and religion. The campaign of insinuation, of evasion and distortion of facts being carried on against suffrage is quite parallel with the campaign of mischievous misrepresentation and false reasoning which has been carried on against the Church for generations. I marvel that Catholics whose Church has suffered just such unfair treatment can lend themselves to the same kind of unwarrantable warfare.

We have been told over and over again by representatives of our Church that the question of woman suffrage is one on which the Catholic Church takes no stand, either for or against; that she leaves her members free to exercise their own judgment in considering this question. If woman suffrage involved the giving up of Christian or Catholic ideals, if it involved the destruction of the home, the "spread of social disorder," the adoption of a false philosophy, the acceptance of any theory or the endorsement of any practice at variance with the teachings of morality or religion, could the Church take any such position of neutrality? Certainly not. The Catholic Church has never hesitated to speak, and to speak plainly, where there was a question of right or wrong at stake. Where, then, is the justification for an opposition based mainly on the assumption that woman suffrage is an ally of the forces which represent and foster the most undesirable, loose and un-Catholic ideas which could be brought to bear upon society? On the contrary, since woman's work in the home, in the church, in the school, in society, in philanthropy, in charity, in public service has been in the main good, why should we not assume that her influence in politics and in government will be equally good? We know that it is good wherever woman enjoys the use of the ballot. History is better than prophecy.

Brooklyn.

AGNES HULL PRENDERGAST.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the first two sentences of her defense of votes for women Sara McPike manifests the incoherency that characterizes suffrage propaganda. The basic issue involved in giving to women the vote is by no means the extension of the franchise from the aristocratic to the democratic form of government. In giving the ballot to men, even those at the lowest rung of the economic ladder, there is no assault on the family as the unit of society, for the simple reason that the man is normally the head of the family. But its extension to women, taxpayers or wage-earners, disrupts the political unity of the family. How, then, could the arguments that I have advanced against giving the vote to women have been used against extending the franchise to the various classes of men? As a matter of historic fact such arguments were not used. Such lack of logic, such inconsistency of thought are not the *right reason* which seems so vexatious to the lady's mind. It is, besides, immoral to charge another with having "little regard for truth" without due cause; the articles in question furnish none, and I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this lady who assails my integrity. That the suffragette propaganda

is "the logical sequence of endowing women with immortal souls" is mere gabble and indicates a crass acceptance of the atheist-anarchist-socialist-suffragist-feminist legend that at the Council of Mâcon the Church decided, by a majority of one vote, to accord to women the privilege of having souls. Besides "the great Spokesman" was not laying down a civil code when He said, there "is neither male nor female," but rather the moral code of Christians. The civil code was left to Cæsar, together with the obligation of building according to the constitution natural to mankind. From this there is no logical step to woman suffrage, because the monogamic family, to use the term the radicals delight in, is the necessary "cell of the social organism." But when Cæsar is persuaded to carry out the philosophy of animalism to its logical sequence, woman suffrage is put upon the statute-book.

No, "Martha Moore Avery's quarrel" is certainly not with the power loom, the spinning jenny, or the thousand and one useful modern inventions, which could be and should be made to serve more equitably the economic interests of wage-earners. Her aim was to show that votes for women is an up-to-date temptation suggested by the prince of devils and intended to destroy the unit of Christian civilization. Her purpose was to show that the home, in the archetypal design and in fact, is the center, within the body politic, for both wife and husband, and that these twain are one. Of course there is use for the "stove" and the "kitchen," not only in the "Central Empires" but right here at home, where children are wanted. There is no possible objection to the "cat" and the dog, if they do not usurp the place of the baby. But for the husband or the wife there is no such thing as sex freedom, for the wife belongs to the husband and the husband belongs to the wife under the Christian constitution.

Besides their duties at home, there are many services that women must render to society, nor are Catholic women in doubt as to what they are. They have our Blessed Lady's example and Mary's and Martha's and that of the holy women who ministered to Jesus. The conditions of social service have changed but the foundation principles and the basic relationships underlying it are the same. One great trouble is ignorance of these principles and relationships on the part of radical women; their acceptance of unscientific theories is sapping the moral fiber of the nation. Lack of religious culture together with a subjective longing for dogmatic truth are no doubt responsible for the restlessness and wretchedness of suffragettes and those like them. They are seeking the right thing, but in the wrong way. Women must go to Rome, not away from her, as they are doing, if they would know what to do and how to do it. Very specious claims are made by my critic, but no data is cited to prove that political equality has benefited women industrially. Yet I shall not deny that Lindsey's Juvenile Court could be cited. When suffragists find out what women *ought to want to do*, the tasks fitted to the structural capacities of men and women will no longer be shrouded in *ambiguity*. Woman should not indeed wish to be "sheltered" in idleness; but it is her own work both at home and abroad, that she should desire to accomplish. Her ambition to usurp the natural tasks of men is wrong.

Boston.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY.

Back to Shakespeare

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of November 20, under the heading "Books Received," there is notice of a book called "Back to Shakespeare," by Herbert Morse, which I have lately been reading.

The author's expressed desire is to reach "that large body of hard-headed, intelligent, but half-educated workingmen." Now I wish to offer a protest against the foisting off upon the laboring man, educated or otherwise, such narrow views and hackneyed untruths as this book contains. Let me not be misunderstood; I do not oppose leading the great mass of men back to Shakespeare; but if it must be done by casting slurs at the Catholic Church, by wailings about the wasted intellect of the Middle Ages, and about the narrowing influence a deep study of the Bible would have had on Shakespeare, then I say the workingman, at least the Catholic workingman, should raise a protest. I refer chiefly to Chapter XVI, the conclusion of the book. Here are a few specimens of what we find: "The Reformation made no great break in the continuity of the Church of England, which is the same now in all its essentials as that which existed in the sixth century." The bond between England and Rome before the Reformation "was loose, and the obedience uncertain and elastic," and "To be a true Catholic a man must inherit the Latin blood" . . . and so on. If AMERICA reviews Mr. Morse's crude appeal to the uneducated, I sincerely hope the reviewer will refer the author to some first-class histories of the Catholic Church, the Reformation, and the Church of England, where he may correct his false ideas. He may then attempt, perhaps, to lead men back to Shakespeare by other ways than by the old-time slurs about the spiritual supremacy and liberty-repressing spirit of Rome.

Philadelphia.

WALTER J. DONGAN.

Congregational Singing

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The movement to introduce congregational singing into our service, if it is to be successful, must come from above. Unity in this as in other kindred matters, e. g., uniform textbooks and catechisms, on the part of our esteemed Hierarchy could work wonders. If a uniform hymnal were prescribed for the United States, or at least a certain number of hymns, and if in addition an encyclical letter were to order the introduction of this uniform hymnal or of these hymns into every school and parish, within a few years we should have good congregational singing. Under present conditions, hymnals are springing up like mushrooms, and many of the good old hymns are corrupted, eliminated or replaced by inferior tunes of modern composers. In some localities an effort is made to introduce congregational singing, in others it is tabooed; what one parish sings another condemns. Uniformity alone and a standard American Catholic Hymnal, promulgated by the entire Hierarchy, can accomplish results. Such results are much to be desired, for we are put to shame by many non-Catholic congregations in this matter. Every non-Catholic is familiar with certain hymns, while our people are ignorant even of the "Holy God" and other formerly well-known Catholic hymns.

What can be effected by zeal and method has been shown where efforts were made by individuals in the right direction. But it means work. It means, most of all, the submission of personal tastes on the part of priests, Sisters and laity to lawful hierarchical authority. Unity of action on the part of the Hierarchy, obedience on the part of the clergy and laity could accomplish wonders. We have the material, we have musical talent. Therefore let a commission be appointed to solve the problem. Some ten years ago the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X was given to the world. How meager the results! The decree, being universal, binds in conscience every pastor of this country. Why, then, do we still find in many of our great cities churches without congregational singing,

with female choirs, performing to the disgust of many of our people, operas and unliturgical Masses?

Knoxville, Tenn.

JOSEPH A. HERMLE.

The Fraternity Evil

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On reading your issue of November 27, I was attracted by the heading of the editorial, "The Catholic College's Advantages." In it occurs the following: "The fraternity evil simply does not exist in our educational institutions." I could not help wondering at your ready acceptance of college fraternities as an "evil." My view of them is that they have great possibilities for either good or evil just as the college itself has and that, as a general rule, their influence is good. They furnish a home much better than the average college town boarding house; they give to their members companionship and help they would find it hard to duplicate elsewhere. That they breed extravagance is an unwarranted assumption. During the last ten years, for example, my own chapter has built and paid for a comfortable home. This was done entirely through the thrift and careful management of the boys themselves. During four of the ten years, when I was in college myself, there were at least four or five members of the chapter working their way through school. Surely they were not looking for any "lap of luxury." Unfortunately it is only the glaring exception to the rule which gets to the public through newspapers and magazines. That is one reason why I am anxious to correct a false impression on the part of what I consider the fairest weekly in America. If you have access to one of our fraternity houses in an average college town, see if the impression you get on visiting it does not bear me out. It would surprise a good many, too, if they could see beneath the coats of college students returning from the communion-rail, and take the percentage of fraternity men among them. I consider the college fraternity one of the greatest influences for good that comes to a college man. I believe you would agree with me if you saw much of them. If we don't have them in our Catholic colleges where the students board and room in college buildings, it is because we don't need them, not because they are an "evil." Might it not be better to put it that way?

Indianapolis.

D. DOHERTY SHEERIN.

Back to the Farm

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Savage points out in "The Young Man and Stock Raising," that the boy who has had practical experience on the farm will profit more by a course in agriculture than one who has not had such experience. And yet it seems to me that, in spite of this handicap, our city youth should be urged more and more to take up agriculture. We all realize that the cityward trend of our country youth swells the ranks of the consumers, cuts down the files of the producers, and sends the prices of foodstuffs soaring. The insidious, omnipresent dangers to health, faith and morals with which the city teems are too well known to need mention. So it would seem that if we are to reach a satisfactory solution of present-day social and economic problems we must strive to get the young man back to the farm. Convince the numerous young men who swell the chorus of discontent in our cities that the life of a producer, whether in farming, stock raising, or horticulture, is in the highest degree healthful, satisfactory, dignified and profitable. In conclusion I would ask, may we not hope soon to have more agricultural colleges under Catholic control? Many of our Catholic boarding schools would seem to be ideally located for such a purpose.

St. Louis.

TEACHER.

A M E R I C A

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The World Needs Christ

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for March there appeared an article by an anonymous writer, which contained some very pertinent reflections on present tendencies. In particular he recorded with regret the gradual but thorough elimination of Christian ideals from the popular scheme of life, and expressed considerable apprehension as to whither the movement would eventually lead. The article has now been published in pamphlet form, and has many significant passages, one of which is the following:

There is much about reform, suffrage, the fighting of Tammany, measures for the physical betterment of factory boys and girls. There are many wrongs to right, for the most part centering in the body; but in spite of my sympathy with each distinct measure, and my strenuous efforts to help forward some of them, I feel great sense of lack. The horizon is near and attainable; the sky comes down like a brass bowl over our heads; I stifle in this world of nostrums, of remedies, of external cures for moral evils. This superficial, material optimism which ignores the deepest need, the deepest answer, fails to suffice. One is aware of a lessening life, a drying up of the very sources of vitality; the old sense of illimitable destiny, of greatness, of the challenge of eternity, is gone.

AMERICA has had occasion twice to notice the article, but it quotes the above passage because of its very accurate characterization of the feelings of the better part of our people, particularly now when Christmas thoughts are in our minds. With other statements of the writer we would take issue; but with his anxious query, "Whither," we are in perfect sympathy. This is the question put to St. Peter, in the old legend, by the suffering Christ, when the discouraged Apostle was fleeing from Rome; and if it is to be answered aright, the answer must be that of St. Peter, "Back to Rome." The "sense of lack," which the writer so vividly portrays is no other than the simple lack of Christ, the lack of Christ's teaching, Christ's spirit, Christ's grace. Like

the Head of the Church, the modern world is encompassed by the luxuries of the imperial city; noble ideals have been obscured by the preaching of the heralds of revolt; hopes have been debased by pandering to the demands of the flesh; Christ has been forgotten. St. Peter did not listen to the siren voices of pride and sensuality, but persecution and sorrow clouded the vision of the Apostle, and he turned his back on the work that had been given him to do. He met Christ, and again he set his face towards Rome and the celestial Jerusalem. There is only one remedy for the ills of today, the remedy that lifted the subjects of Nero from their degradation, a remedy that consists, to describe it briefly, in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. There is a crying lack in our heads and our hearts, the lack of the God-Man, the Saviour. Unless He fills our intellects and appeals to our affection we shall go the way of all flesh. The world lacks Christ. Who will give Christ back to the world?

Mother Goose and the Censor

THE middle of the war's second year, according to the daily press, finds the rigor of the censorship, not only on the Continent, but also in the United Kingdom, growing greater than ever. An aggrieved correspondent writes: "All our liberties are being taken from us one by one, and after tomorrow (or a few days later) we may send no more pamphlets to America." Printed matter of all kinds, it seems, is carefully inspected before being exported, and authors who quote from the poets any lines in which the vigilant censor detects lurking treason may have their entire works confiscated. It is not hard to see, for instance, how even so innocent and neutral a book as *Mother Goose* could be wickedly used to give aid and comfort to the enemy. He is a rash scribe who sets down without qualification nowadays the statement, "Mary had a little lamb," for the epithet "little" and the preterit "had" unquestionably hint at a shortage of food that would encourage the foe to continue the war. For the same reason all references to the domestic economy practised by the renowned Mr. and Mrs. John Spratt, would be the height of imprudence, and the thoughtless author who wrote lightly of *Mother Hubbard's* bootless quest would promptly find himself interned. Nor is it hard to see how indiscreet inquirers as to "Who killed Cock Robin?" would be open to suspicion, and in view of the perfection of the spy system throughout Europe just now "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" might prove a very dangerous line to quote. Subtle allusions, moreover, to Jack and the Bean Stalk, Little Red Riding Hood, or Golden Hair and the Three Bears could easily breed such suspicions in a conscientious censor's mind that an investigation would end in the citing of several wretched authors before a military tribunal.

On the other hand, however, such *Mother Goose*

heroes and heroines as Little Jack Horner, Little Miss Muffet, Little Boy Blue, and the child who showed that patriotic concern regarding the state of the wool market, and who received from the Black Sheep so gratifying a report, could all be safely quoted, no doubt, even by war correspondents. For these famous characters would be proofs of a national resourcefulness well calculated to fill the enemy with dismay. For a similar reason the fine optimism that pervades "Old King Cole" and "Sing a Song of Sixpence" would make citations from those deathless lyrics quite unobjectionable. Finally, the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe would no longer be considered an object of commiseration, but, free at last from all perplexity regarding the future of her numerous progeny, she would, by her example, stir the mothers of the nation to rear large families for defenders of the State.

Huxley and St. Paul

A PERFERVID admirer of Huxley writing recently to the editor of the *Sun*, quotes from a letter of the Professor to Charles Kingsley, in which he states very frankly the revulsion of feeling he experienced as he stood behind the coffin of his little son and listened to the words of the "Burial Service." The words that moved him to scorn were those of St. Paul, in which the Apostle says: "If the dead rise not again, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." For some unaccountable reason, Mr. Huxley construed the passage into a dilemma, which left only two courses open to man, either to believe in the resurrection or to "renounce my manhood and howling, grovel in bestiality." As the protagonist of evolution did not choose to accept the first of the alternatives, he protested against the second as a calumny against human nature. He refuted himself, however, by indicating clearly that there was a third course, namely, to live nobly though naturally and to find consolation in gratitude for the happiness already granted him and in appreciation of the happiness still open to him. It is simply inconceivable that St. Paul would in any case advocate that unbelievers have recourse to "bestiality" in order to assuage the bitterness of their grief, and it argues very little knowledge of the Apostle of the Gentiles in Mr. Huxley to have misinterpreted his meaning in so unwarranted a manner.

"The heart of Paul," in the words of Chrysostom, "was the heart of Christ," and Christ's sympathy for the bereavement of parents over the death of their first-born as well as their other children is too well known to be insisted on. If the expression of St. Paul was the occasion of pain to an already overflowing heart, it was not because the expression itself was inhuman, but only because Mr. Huxley's own prepossessions were at fault.

Had the Professor been privileged to attend a Catholic burial service, one that is to say, which is instinct with the spirit of St. Paul; had he seen how the words

of the unparalleled lover of Christ send a ray of hope through the mist of tears, cheering even cheerless hearts, he would never have calumniated the gentle Apostle, but would have understood that for St. Paul, as for all Catholics, death is not the "irreparable loss" Huxley thought it, but a brief parting, and that Christians do not speak eternal farewells at the brink of the grave, but rather give God-speed heavenwards to their dear ones, while they themselves remember the promise of a blessed reunion that is sure to come. Catholic fathers know that they will look again into their children's eyes, children know that they are to receive once more their parents' caresses, friends are confident that soon they will meet their friends; and all in a tender Father's home. No, it was not St. Paul that grieved the heart of Mr. Huxley, but his own lack of faith, for St. Paul so softens death as to make it a happy release, a passage to union with the Friend of Friends.

"Who Has Not Known a Carcassonne?"

THERE is a quaint French poem that tells of an aged peasant who lived all his life in a little provincial town. The one great ambition of his life was to visit Carcassonne, whose spires on a clear day he could see in the distance, gleaming in the sunlight. It was the city of his dreams; for the better part of his dull, humdrum life he had planned a trip to this wondrous town which his imagination pictured a city of endless splendor. Querulously he tells a visitor of his hope and how everything seemed to thwart his plans. Moved by the old man's tale, the stranger promises to take him there on the morrow. Alas! tragedy too often hovers close to achievement. That night the bell in the village church dolefully tolled the *De profundis*. The old man never saw gay Carcassonne.

Who has not known a Carcassonne? Who indeed! For each of us there is a Carcassonne, the golden city of our dreams where dwell the ideals and ambitions of our youth. And how few, how very few ever see their Carcassonne. Your financier believes himself another Cræsus, with the coffers of the world at his disposal, ruling men and nations by the power which his wealth represents. Too often the call comes to him ere attainment, "Thou fool, this night—" Your diplomat sees himself another Richelieu, controlling the destinies of States with his Titan intellect. The cry of "The King is dead! Long live the King!" rudely awakens him from his trance and he is dismissed from court. He has played his part. Your soldier dreams of directing armies, a second Joffre or von Hindenberg, but his officers keep him to the trenches far from the field of glory. He perishes and with him perishes his dream. Your priest prays that he may be another Xavier or Vincent de Paul bringing myriad souls to God by the power of his preaching and the ministry of his hands. His bishop sends him to the seminary to teach Latin to young clerics.

And so it goes on. Every man, no matter what his station in life, has his ideal. But alas! Carcassonne remains ever in the distance. Even the saint dreams his dream, the incomparable dream of becoming daily more and more Christlike, of reproducing in his own life the life of Him crucified. Never yet lived the saint who was content with what he had won; he was ever on the quest for more; dying, he was conscious that he had fallen far short of the aim.

Dreamers and weavers of dreams, all of us! And how hard it is for one who plans such splendid aerial architecture to come back to earth, to the hard facts of every-day life, most of all to come face to face with his real self and discover how far off he is from his ideal. How pitifully small and cheap and tawdry seems our poor real self when contrasted with this gorgeous demi-god, the ego-that-is-to-be. It is said that a man is never a hero in the cold, appraising eyes of his valet. But has there ever existed a man who in the soberer moments, in the depths of his soul, really believed himself a hero? True, the genuine egoist is ever offering incense before the shrine of self, but sometimes, surely sometimes, he must perceive that his idol has feet of clay. He would shut his eyes to the fact, if he could, but consciousness of his own defects is inevitable.

Shall man, then, stop dreaming his dreams? Shall all *châteaux en Espagne* be demolished? Far from it. This world of ours would be a sorry place without them. Hold fast to ideals, only let them be noble. Keep Carcassonne ever in sight, only take care that it be not the City of Destruction. What boots it that ideals be not attained, that the delectable city of our dreams is never reached? An ideal attained may cease to be an ideal. That it is not attained does not mean that it should have no practical bearing on life. To strive with might and main to reach it, to fashion one's life in such wise that its attainment will be a little less remote is to have gone a short way on the road to Carcassonne, and that counts for a great deal in this life of ours.

"Not Such a Bad Man"

THE other day a Chicago judge spoke as follows: "A man who will lie to get a chance to work is not such a bad man." "If every man in this court room who lied at one time or another to get a job were put in jail, there would not be many of us left." A boy, who was only sixteen years old, applied for the position of mail clerk, and in answer to one of the questions put to him, stated that he was eighteen years of age. It afterwards came to light that he was two years younger than he had declared. Accordingly he was brought before the United States District Court, convicted, and recommended for leniency. The judge thought well of the recommendation, and before closing the case discoursed on lying, and in particular on its prevalence and its heinousness. With the fact that he put on record, namely, that very few

men could plead not guilty in the matter of deliberate falsehood where it is a means to advancement, we are not concerned, for it is not easy to determine how far he may or may not be right. The truth of his other statement is easier to appraise.

Certainly the learned judge departed from accepted puritanical notions, hitherto much in vogue among us, when he said, "A man who will lie to get a chance to work is not such a bad man." A lie has been held up to us as *the* capital offense, not so much because it is a sin, but because it offends against the code of gentlemen. We have all probably met fathers who would smile at the rest of their son's "amiable weaknesses," but would be tempted to disown a child who should be guilty of a lie. In so far as the judge corrected this impression he did well. In itself a lie is not by any means the worst of sins. Nevertheless it is always sinful in some degree; of its nature it is intrinsically bad, so bad that nothing can justify it or make its use permissible. The malice of lying is unmistakably clear. It frustrates a law of nature by running counter to the end of speech, it is the direct perversion of a faculty that has only one purpose, namely, the manifestation of one's mind to others, it introduces a contradiction between the word of the mind and the word of the lips, it violates the right inherent in men not to be led into error, and it tends to destroy the faith and confidence in one's fellow-man, that are the basis of all social intercourse. The dictum employed by the judge, therefore, needs careful consideration. The word, "such" has a restrictive and not a negative force. He did not mean to imply that a man who would tell a lie under the circumstances he describes, is not a bad man. A liar is undoubtedly and emphatically a bad man; but he is not so bad a man as he would be if he were guilty of other sins. Not to gain the whole world should one tell a lie; *a fortiori* not to obtain a position. It would be wrong to interpret the judge's statement in any other sense.

Dr. Gates and Bible Societies

THE Reverend Dr. Milo H. Gates is engaged in a controversy with the Bible Societies. He has denounced them as keeping the Bible from the people, and as having stolen from Holy Writ some of its most wonderful parts. He objects with reiterated clearness against the exclusion from the Sacred Text of the "Apocrypha," and characterizes this exclusion by the far from ambiguous phrase of "grievous theft." In expressing his dissatisfaction, he is following in illustrious footsteps, for it will be remembered that Cardinal Newman, writing to his sister Harriet as early as June 9, 1830, more than fifteen years before he became a Catholic, says very explicitly: "Yesterday I withdrew my name from the Bible Society." Certainly no one will accuse Newman of not loving the Holy Scriptures or of not desiring their diffusion. "I was brought up from a child,"

he says in the "Apologia," "to take great delight in reading the Bible." His reason for retiring from association with the Bible Society is given towards the close of the above quoted letter in very significant words, ". . . there being no *principle* recognized by the Society on which Churchmen could fall back and take their stand. . . ."

Times have not changed since the then Vicar of St. Mary's wrote these words. From the very nature of the Protestant position it was and is inevitable that there should be no principle on which those who reject the Divine authority of the Catholic Church could agree as to what books are or are not the Word of God. The Reverend Dr. Gates declares that the "Apocrypha" are inspired. Mr. James Wood, President of the American Bible Society, categorically denies that they are inspired. The excision of the "Apocrypha," according to Mr. Wood, is in historic accord with the principles of Protestantism. Not at all, says Dr. Gates, "the time has come when all real Protestants should demand from the Bible Societies the whole Bible." Neither of these gentlemen has a commission to speak authoritatively for all Protestantism on the canon of the Sacred Scriptures, nor are their differences of opinion of interest to Catholics except in so far as they exemplify the essential weakness of non-Catholics in general as to the Bible.

It is very significant that both of the disputants express "views," but neither proves his contention. Both are logical and both are illogical. If private judgment is the final test, each has the right to set up his own canon, each is wrong in denying to the other the right he claims for himself. Their careful abstention from anything like an attempt to demonstrate the correctness of their several attitudes is only natural. Some years ago, Marcus Dods, D.D., in a lecture before the Presbyterian Lake Forest College, stated the Protestant position with remarkable frankness:

If you ask a Romanist why he accepts certain books as canonical, he has a perfectly intelligible answer ready. He accepts these books because the Church bids him do so. The Church has determined what books are canonical, and he accepts the decision of the Church. If you ask a Protestant why he believes that just these books bound up together in his Bible are canonical and neither more nor fewer, I fear that ninety-nine Protestants out of a hundred could give you no answer that would satisfy a reasonable man. The Protestant scorns the Romanist because he relies on the authority of the Church, but he cannot tell on what he himself relies. The Protestant watchword is "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," but how many Protestants are there who could make it quite clear that within the boards of their Bible they have the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible?

The watchword is still the same. Dr. Gates pleads for "the Bible and the Bible only, Our Rule of Faith and Practice." But the doctors disagree. The only logical position is that of the Catholic Church, and we have no hesitation in saying that an increasingly large number of honest thinkers are coming to admit the reasonable-

ness of the Church's attitude towards Holy Writ. They may not indeed concede the supernatural guidance of the Holy Ghost in the authoritative and final determination of the canon set up by the Church, but like Wellhausen, they recognize at least her "great tact" in eliminating the false from the true.

LITERATURE

XVI—The Golden Legend

IT means a reparation of the injustices of centuries and an interesting return to a medieval viewpoint, if indeed our century is concerning itself with "The Golden Legend." For "The Golden Legend" was the book of the Middle Ages, while to the ages that followed it was an anathema, a stumbling-block, or at least a superfluity. A product of the "greatest of centuries," the golden age of the friars, its vogue was enormous: it was read by everyone who could read at all; it lay in the scriptorium of every monastery; it gave up its Latin as the garb of many a vernacular; it supplied edifying matter to all the preachers, and a stock-in-trade of anecdotes to profane writers. Then came the great change. The Reformation and the Renaissance combined their hostile influences against this unique expression of the soul of the Middle Ages. They dried up its founts and withered its offshoots. They were antipathetic to every one of its characteristics: its simplicity, its Latinity, its asceticism, its mercifulness, its familiarity with the supernatural, its ready acceptance of the marvelous. Even Catholic theologians and scholars condemned the book from the standpoint of the new age. Melchior Cano, for instance, called it, "this truly leaden, rather than golden legend." The invention of printing found the book still almost at the height of its popularity: in 1475, when William Caxton, bringing England into line with the Rhineland, Florence and Rome, started in London his printing presses, no volumes poured from them in such profusion as those of his version of the "Legenda." But the reaction set in sharply. With the "anti-saint" proceedings of Henry VIII and the destruction of monastic and college libraries under Edward VI, "The Golden Legend" began to disappear rapidly and completely from the face of English literature. And its fate was very much the same in other European countries. It lost all its friends. What was best in it displeased successive heresies, Puritan, Jansenist, rationalist, materialist; what was weakest seemed to the orthodox and conservative hardly worth championing. So, for some three centuries, "The Golden Legend" was practically left in obscurity.

It was not till the beginning of the twentieth century that friendly steps again made their way to the dusty hiding-places of the once famous old book. In 1854 a German scholar, Graesse, had edited the complete Latin original; but his learned labors had little to do with popularization. Very different was the complete French translation, "La Légende Dorée," brought out about 1900 by the author and academician, Téodor de Wyzewa, who displayed the warmest appreciation of De Voragine's work, and produced so brilliant a piece of literature that it was crowned by the French Academy. In England, a little later, the "Temple Classics" gave us a complete edition of Caxton's version, a much bigger thing, be it remarked, than the primal Latin volume of 1275. In 1914 I was enabled by the cooperation of the Cambridge University Press (Putnam) to publish a volume of selections from Caxton's work, which, intended primarily for school reading, included only some twenty-two lives, or about one-ninth of the entire original, but, by its notes on all questions raised by the text, its introduction, and its slightly-modernized spelling, aimed at winning the largest

possible number of modern readers for the ancient masterpiece.

What, then, is "The Golden Legend"? It is not a certain dramatic poem for which Longfellow borrowed the name, and which is an agreeable and interesting medley of medieval themes and echoes caught up by the American poet in his wide reading and European rambles. It is a genuine product of the long-past days when books were very rare things. Churches and monasteries used then to preserve in a huge volume records of the lives and deaths of holy persons important locally or universally, associating with these biographies, comments and homilies on the leading Christian festivals; and, as each appointed day came round, these would be read aloud. The *legenda* or *lectio* was the assigned portion for each day; but it became common to speak of the entire collection, properly styled the *legendarium*, as the *legenda*.

These parochial or monastic records would naturally be of limited scope and of very unequal execution. Something bigger and better was demanded by a century like the thirteenth, when there was a notable stirring of minds. A masterly and comprehensive *legenda*, an encyclopedia, to use the modern word, of festivals and saints was wanted. The need was supplied by a Dominican friar, destined to become Archbishop of Genoa, a saintly man, fond of his cell, books and pen, but able to cope with administrative troubles when unwillingly set to face them. He was Giacomo da Varaggio, so styled from a little town on the Riviera, whose chief public monument at the present day is his statue, but his name was rather awkwardly Latinized into *Jacobus de Voragine*, "James of the Whirlpool." He devoted the patient toil of years to the making of his encyclopedic *legenda*. It was hailed with unanimous applause by its contemporaries; and the generations that followed surnamed it *aurea*. "For," says Caxton, "in like wise as gold is most noble above all other metals in like wise is this legend holden most noble above all other works." Alas, the panegyrics of the fifteenth century were destined, as we have seen, to change too quickly into the hard words of Cano and the attacks of Luther! The iconoclasts and the "humanists" were in a hurry to bury the Age of Faith and therewith its "Golden Legend."

And now the old notes are heard again! Hardly less warm than the praises of Caxton are the encomia bestowed on the "Legend" in our own day by M. de Wyzewa in the preface to his *ouvrage couronné*. There is good reason for speaking of "a return to a medieval viewpoint." But let us not exaggerate the force of our words. We can never view the world just as did the men and women of seven-hundred years ago. To the normal Catholic of the twentieth century, these lives of saints and festival homilies will certainly not appeal in the same way as they appealed to his ancestor who in the year 1280 paid his ducats for an illuminated transcript of the Archbishop of Genoa's work, or to the later progenitor who in 1480 secured a copy of the very first edition sent forth from the wonderful presses of Caxton. One in heart and soul though they may all be with regard to Catholic essentials, in relation to countless matters of thought and sentiment, belief and practice, their outlook will be different, as different as would be that of Spencer's Hermit, who

Told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowed an Ave Mary after and before,

from that of a modern fashionable lecturer in a Broadway conventicle. In those long-past centuries a simple, unquestioning faith welcomed the substance of the story and troubled itself little about the manner. We of today are apt to be incredulous, even though sympathetic; to take the facts in a provisional sort of way, to rest in the writer's literary charm, or amuse ourselves by analyzing his psychology and that of his times. We may regret this; but so it is; the man of today cannot recapture the simplicity of childhood or of Paradise. We must take

it then, that for him the interest of "The Golden Legend" will be not simple, but complex.

Edification and beauty he will find, though not uniformly diffused, and not exactly at the places where the ancient authors thought them most evident. Pictures of long-vanished ways and aspects of life he will find, and history in the making. The human soul is here displayed with a documented fulness which may well appeal to the devotee of our more serious novels. The tales win us by their simplicity, often make us smile by their naïvete, and not seldom startle us by their plain-spokenness, though as regards this latter point we may say that the Cambridge Press selections do not include anything too daring for sensitive modern ears. While in some biographies, as in that of St. Augustine, we are studying the phases of an individual soul's career, in others, with a St. Edward or a St. Louis, we are assisting at momentous episodes of the world's history. In some, as in that of St. Yves of Brittany, we are reperusing the juridical evidence given in a process for canonization by sworn witnesses; in others, as in that of St. Brendan and his adventurous monks, we are moving in a mystical fairyland, never mapped out by geography or theology. Manifold, we repeat, and even curiously complex, will be their interest. And yet there will hang around all their pages a unifying charm, a pervasive *aura*, wrought of the spirit and manner of the narrators: of their familiarity with the supernatural, their simplicity and sincerity, their occasional touches of the grotesque, their homeliness and humanity; above all, in the case of the Caxtonian version, of their quaint fifteenth-century English, antique but not too obscure, truly a "faint sweetness" and a

Dim perfume, like a cloud
From closet long to quiet vowed,

falling around the saints and the sinners.

Under the spell of this atmosphere, and with a little patience, the reader will gather as he wanders around these remote marvels and heroic sanctities, these household tales and historical landmarks, a peaceful pleasure and a quiet beneficence. We may hope he will profit by some patronage from the celestial personages to whom he has lent thus much attention. We know that he is entitled to his shared benefit under a prayer that still shines upon us from the pages of Caxton, wherein he entreats for "all them that shall read and hear this said book," that Heaven would grant to them "long life and welfare, and after this short and transitory life, to come into everlasting joy in heaven."

GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J.,
Professor of English,
University College, Dublin.

REVIEWS

The Normans in European History. By CHARLES HOMER HASKINS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

In a course of eight lectures Professor Haskins has treated of an interesting people in an interesting way, and most of his readers will regret on finishing the book that the author's plan did not allow him to pursue his subject. His treatment of the advent of the Northmen among the Franks, their conquest of Normandy, and later of England, and the extension of the "Norman Empire" to the boundaries of Spain is full enough for one who is versed in English history; but the student of general European history, literature and art would like to see the chapters on Italy and Sicily developed to the same degree as those on England, while much might be said on Norman activity in Palestine, Greece and the Balkan Peninsula. Later, perhaps, the author may expand his lectures into a book covering the whole ground, for with the requisite knowledge, he has sympathy with his subject and a clear grasp of the peculiar genius of the people.

The Normans were among the last of the peoples of the

North to seek a home among the more polished dwellers of the South, they were the quickest to assimilate the religion and civilization of their subjects, and to lose their own identity and language in their surroundings. Moreover, the higher the civilization of the peoples among whom the Normans settled, the quicker did the strangers become Franks, Italians, Greeks, Sicilians or Irish. Nor were they satisfied with picking up the good that lay around them; they added from their own native power and genius to what they found, and they may claim the proud honor of originating the first attempts at modern literature in France and Italy. Professor Haskins is too much of a scholar and historian to rail at the backwardness of the Middle Ages, the nightmare of the half-educated. He finds much to admire in medieval architecture, law and learning, and he is not at all surprised that wireless telegraphy and submarines were unknown to Rollo, or William the Conqueror or even to Henry II.

P. J. D.

Interpretations of Literature. By LAFCADIO HEARN. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$6.00.

Long before Lafcadio Hearn entered upon his literary career in Japan, the so-called philosophy of Herbert Spencer was a fashionable cult among Japanese students. Lafcadio Hearn, not a wide reader in philosophy, and obviously satisfied with Spencerian theorizings and flat dogmatisms, emphasizes the cult of Spencer, chiefly through the digressive remarks in these lectures in literature. This may appear to be an irrelevant critical observation; yet it forces itself to the front, because of the undue part that Spencer's vagaries in religion, ethics, and esthetics have long since played in Japanese educational circles. Lafcadio Hearn, if he had to appeal occasionally to a Spencerian opinion, should have had a finger ready to point to other pages in the history of philosophy. And it is not only in this department wherein Hearn's provincialism appears. He candidly admits "I have not the scholarship needed for the development and exercise of the critical faculty." Yet there is scarcely a phrase of art or literature or even of religion which he does not essay to treat with a dogmatism equal to Ruskin's, but without Ruskin's power. In an enumeration of the great masters of modern prose, he does not deign to mention Newman; indeed in the entire course of these large, 800 pages, Newman is but once mentioned, to wit, "a few of the clever students at Oxford actually became Roman Catholics—such as Newman." The "Idea of a University" and the "Apologia" were dead letters to the English students in the University of Tokyo from 1896 to 1902 while Lafcadio Hearn held the chair of English literature.

The chief merit of these lectures is the simple exposition of certain poetic charms in the ballads of Wordsworth and the lyrics of Shelley. The lecturer is not broad-minded enough in his attempts at analysis to consider some real voices of the times, such as Matthew Arnold. Lafcadio Hearn is a Puritan with a hodge-podge of uncorrelated erudition. He accepts as oracular great mystifying mazes of song. When the lecturer confines himself to the interpretation of simple ballads, like those of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, he is in a world not beyond his mentality; but when he goes afield into *obiter dicta* about religion or philosophy, he treads perilous ground, sowing cockle where the Japanese have a right to gather wheat.

C. L. K.

Chaff and Wheat: a Few Gentle Flailings. By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$0.60.

To "Mustard Seed," his earlier book of editorials gathered from the pages of AMERICA, Father Donnelly has now added this attractive companion volume. After sounding the warning: "Should a sharper stroke of the flail now and again

come your way, be sure that it was aimed not at you but at that unpalatable outer casing which hides from our full appreciation and enjoyment the sweet, golden yield every one knows to be yours," the author offers his readers forty papers, of some four pages each, and filled with the epigrams, paradoxes and counsels which are so characteristic of Father Donnelly's writings. "All for the Best," "The Blessed Word Automatic," "This Vale of Sunny Shadows," "Euphemia and Euphemists," "The Tremendousness of Trifles," and "Curmudgeons" are the titles of chapters that are particularly clever, and throughout the little book runs a vein of wholesome optimism. As these papers, when they first appeared, could be read only one at a time, the most profitable way of using "Chaff and Wheat" is to take little five-minute nibbles.

W. D.

Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology. By JOSEPH THOMAS, M.D., LL.D. New Fourth Edition Thoroughly Revised. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$10.00.

Encyclopedia knowledge is popular, but even when you know how, it often takes time to dig out by criss-cross references, through sixteen or more volumes, what you are after. This, in these days of concentration and haste, "were a grievous fault." So, when a philanthropic publisher presents 2,550 pages of "get-at-able" facts in one usable volume you class it with marvels like the one small head that carried all the famous schoolmaster knew. The former edition of this publication was dated 1908, therefore some seven years had to be gone over to bring the fourth edition up to date. The result shows what can be done by judicious plate-patching. To get Henry Ford, the international pacifist in on page 1014, for example, E. Ownslow Ford, a British sculptor, who had six lines in edition number three, had to be sacrificed; and Pope Benedict XV displaced Frank Lee Benedict the novelist. But while the novelist had five lines the Pope gets only four, the other one being devoted to spacing. In this way the revisers make the work practical, "combining the greatest possible completeness with the brevity necessary to keep it within a reasonable compass." Modern mechanical skill has robbed the "unabridged" of its former forbidding ponderosity and light-weight paper reduces the bulk and the weight of this useful volume.

T. F. M.

Historic Churches in Mexico. With Some of Their Legends. By MRS. JOHN WESLEY BUTLER. New York: The Abingdon Press. \$1.50.

This is a book of some 137 pages of pleasing but not over-illuminating chat illustrated with forty-eight pictures of churches and shrines. The author has spent thirty-six years in Mexico and purposes to give an account not so much "of the churches of Mexico nor even of the larger churches, but of the historic churches, the churches which have gathered about themselves a certain history, and, particularly, a certain amount of legend and folklore." Nevertheless there appears little evidence that the writer has done more than collect some of the many pious legends that among every simple and imaginative people are wont to spring up. There is no attempt made to discriminate between history and peasant tradition. The book is free from the more odious features that generally disgrace Protestant missionary literature in Latin America. In many places there is mention made of the early and wonderful progress made in Mexico under the Spanish missionary régime, such as the first printing press on the continent, the first dispensary for the poor, the first university, etc., yet the author lacks the breadth of knowledge requisite to write a really valuable or even interesting book on the subject. In dozens of naïve ways the author betrays her unfamiliarity with the heart and religion

of Mexico despite her long residence in the land. Notwithstanding the space given to mere legends, there is enough said about the glorious structures themselves to move one to wonder at the marvelous art, wealth, devotion, and genius—for the artists were mostly Mexican born—that Mexico possessed in such lavish abundance when the present United States was not, or was but a group of struggling homespun colonies, sans art, sans letters, sans taste, sans everything. And to think that now in this once happy and devout Mexico, thanks to revolutions so often American-aided, many of the glorious churches, triumphs of artistic genius, are used as freight houses, machine shops and grocery stores!

J. F. X. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Reading and Character," the paper Father James J. Daly, S.J., read last July at the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Education Association, starts the concluding number of the *Catholic Mind's* thirteenth volume. Drawing on his wide experience as writer, priest, and teacher, he has prepared an article that all who are interested in education will find of great practical value. In response to many tearful requests, Father Dwight republishes in this issue the Constitutions of the Niobites, and "We Practise What You Preach," one of the best papers Mr. Lord has written, brings the number and the volume to a fitting end.

Those who have been reading in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* the little meditations written for "The Eucharistic Propaganda" by the Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., will find two-score of the best of his papers in "My Changeless Friend" (\$0.25), a neat little book published by the Apostleship of Prayer, 801 W. 181st St., New York.—The foundation of the Little Company of Mary, a congregation of religious women who nurse the sick poor in their own homes, and whose only foundation in this country is at 4130 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, wrote a small ascetical work called "The Path of Mary" (\$0.50), that is now in its sixth edition. The author develops the idea of "True Devotion" to Our Lady that Grignon de Montfort zealously propagated and Father Faber was so fond of recommending.—The Catholic Art Publishing Co., 17 Madison Avenue, New York, have sent us a set of large wall-calendars for 1916 (\$2.00 apiece), on each of which a fine copy of a famous painting is tastefully mounted.

"The Double Road" (Longmans, \$1.20), by Michael Woods, is a rather uninteresting story about a sort of Ritualistic mystic, or mystical Ritualist, whose friend had a "vision," and who was much addicted to mooning through the downs. The book will probably leave the "average reader" in a very bewildered state.—Herminie Templeton Kavanagh's volume of stories about "Darby O'Gill and the Good People" (Reilly & Britton, Chicago, \$1.25) first came out a dozen years ago. It is full of quaint and amusing lore regarding Brian Connors, the King of the Irish fairies, and his mischievous subjects. Father Cassidy does not always appear to advantage, however, and the dialect Darby uses appears to be one that never yet was heard on land or sea.

Edward Hutton, the author of "Attila and the Huns" (Dutton, \$2.00) tells us that we know little about the Huns. He adds nothing to our knowledge, as everything historical in his book may be found in general history. Why then did he write? He had a theory to propound. He holds that the Prussians are the lineal descendants of the Huns, the inheritors of all their barbarism; the Germans, corrupted by Prussian ascendancy, are more than tainted with their barbaric vices, and the Emperor

William II is Attila himself, so to speak, *redivivus*. We will not discuss the theory with the consequences it implies. But this is certain, that those to whom it commends itself, will read Mr. Hutton's book with great satisfaction. Others may not be so pleased with the work.

"The Baby's First Two Years" (Houghton, \$0.75) is a useful and practical guide for young mothers and gives necessary rules, in a clear and concise manner, for the care of the baby in regard to diet, training, habits, clothing and sickness. The illustrations impart, even to a novice, an idea of how some of the most complex problems dealt with can be reduced to a system. The many details explained in the chapter "A Typical Day," with its marginal notes, is a good feature, and the article on the sterilizing of bottles and utensils and on preparations for modifying the milk is particularly good. The pages on "Bottle Feeding" impress one with the necessity of procuring milk from responsible farms where it is bottled and iced immediately after milking and kept cool until delivered. Of course scrupulous cleanliness must also be observed in the milk's handling in the household. The book's description of the many different articles a baby needs is also very useful.

Clifton Johnson's "Battleground Adventures in the Civil War" (Houghton, \$2.00), consists of stories told by dwellers on the scenes of conflict in some of the notable battles of the Rebellion. The author made a tour of the battlefields, and interviewed survivors among the inhabitants who could tell him of personal experiences during the hours of battle. These reminiscences are given with convincing vividness and with not a little humor and pathos. Among all kinds of people, black and white, rich and poor, the material of the volume has been gathered, making a good collection of war stories from the bystander's view. There is little of value for the historian in the "Adventures," but much that will prove of interest to our school children, especially the boys.

In "Left Tackle Thayer," (Dodd, Mead, \$1.25) Ralph Henry Barbour has produced another of his athletic stories that are of such interest to boys. This volume is the second of the series dealing with football elevens, and should appeal to all boys interested in stories of the gridiron. It deals with life in a large preparatory school, the trials and victories of the students, and will be relished by young readers.—"Heart's Content," by the same author, (Lippincott, \$1.50) is a well-told story of romance and humor. Mr. Barbour has a clever pen, and whether he writes for school boys or older folk, he keeps his pages very readable.—"Smuggler's Island," (Houghton, \$1.25) by Clarissa A. Kneeland, is a clever variation of the "Swiss Family Robinson" theme. The author makes good use of her knowledge of Indian life and sustains to the end the reader's interest.

Though Vance Thompson in his "Eat and Grow Thin" banned many a favorite dish still he left the reader a few kinds of food to subsist on. But in "Drink and Be Sober" (Moffat, Yard, \$1.00) he now forbids using the smallest drop of alcohol. He would have us believe that the so-called "moderate drinker" is generally a moral weakling and is making straight for the dogs. More interesting and convincing are the author's pages on counterfeit wines and liquors. He maintains that the beer made in this country is so impure that a bottle of it, if left a while in the sun, would burst. The annual drink bill of the United States, according to Mr. Thompson, is \$2,336,662,338.00. New York City is spending \$1,000,000 a day on liquor, and eighty-two per cent of the women who lead a life of shame have been

brought to it by alcohol. The author passes well-merited strictures on "the mountebanks of thought, the Huxleys and Haeckels," and "the harlequins of a dirty and materialistic literature": Zola, Anatole France and Bernard Shaw.

In "The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson" (Macmillan, \$2.25), which recently appeared, are several fine Christmas carols. The following was dedicated to the late Father Matthew Russell, S.J.

Fair snow and winter wind
Be not unkind
To this your King!
Fall soft, and murmur mild,
About the Child:
Lest His first hour be suffering.

See! with large, gentle eyes,
Close where He lies,
Look on and ass:
They bow their patient, meek
Heads to the weak
Lamb, who to sacrifice must pass.

Soon shall come Cross and Crown
In Salem town:
But now at least,
Rocked upon Mary's breast,
Let Jesu rest:
And all the earth keep Christmas Feast

With Him your sorrows sleep.
No longer weep,
O pectora mortalia!
Sing you the Angel Song,
Sing loud and long!
Sing: *In Excelsis Gloria!*

A charming little gift-book could easily be made up of the beautiful lines the Catholic poets of today have written about Christmas.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Angel Guardian Press, Boston:

One Year with God: Sixty Sermons and Meditations. For Pulpit and Pious Reading. By Rev. Michael V. McDonough.

Casa Editorial Maucci, Barcelona:

La Guerra Mundial, Norte America y La Situacion Mexicana. Por Teodoro Roosevelt. Version Española de J. Lara. \$0.75.

Catholic Book Company, Wheeling, W. Va.:

Catholic Library. "The Dogmatic Series." By Roderick MacEachen, Priest of Columbus Diocese. Vols. I to V inclusive. \$2.00 a set.

The Fatherland Corporation, New York:

The War Plotters of Wall Street. By Chas. A. Collman. \$0.75.

J. Fischer & Bro., New York:

Kyriale seu Ordinarium Missae (Modern Notation); Kyriale seu Ordinarium Missae (Gregorian Notation with Rhythmical Signs). \$0.40 each; Missa Melodica in Honor of St. Margaret. By Pietro A. Yon. Score \$0.80, Voice Parts \$0.75.

Ginn and Company, Boston:

The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Edited by Edward K. Robinson. \$0.50.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:

Strength of Will. By E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. \$1.25; Chaff and Wheat: a Few Gentle Flailings. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. \$0.60; Sermons, Doctrinal and Moral. By Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, R.M. \$1.50.

The Macmillan Company, New York:

The New American Government and Its Work. By James I. Young. \$2.25; The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson. \$2.25; Making the Movies. By Ernest A. Dench. Illustrated. \$1.25; The Art of the Moving Picture. By Vachel Lindsay. \$1.25.

Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago:

Cheiro's Guide to the Hand. A Practical Work on the Sciences of Cheirognomy and Cheiromancy from a Useful and Scientific Standpoint, Based on the System and Experience of Cheiro. \$1.00.

Tuswei Printing Press, Shanghai:

Researches into Chinese Superstitions. By Henry Doré, S.J. Translated from the French with Notes, Historical and Explanatory. By M. Kennelly, S.J. \$2.00.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.:

Current Economic Problems. A Series of Readings in the Control of Industrial Development. Edited by Walton Hale Hamilton. \$2.75.

EDUCATION

Bringing Up Percy

WHEN Percy was four years old, he used to don papa's boots and Sunday hat and strut about to show what a man he was. As a matter of truth he expected to be laughed at and usually he was not disappointed. A few years pass and Percy has learned to invest himself, not with his father's clothes, but with his father's personal independence. Percy is quite capable of being his own boss. He thus informs any member of the family who seems to be ignorant of the fact. This time he does not expect to be laughed at; he means to be taken seriously, and his wish is often gratified. True it is, he is not granted all the liberty he covets, but he has learned that by making his demands large enough and by throwing out hints of a brewing revolt in the face of threatened restrictions, an inevitable compromise is sure to net him something. Above all, he is taken seriously.

That is the main thing. Forty years ago Percy would also have been taken seriously, to the woodshed, however, but nowadays woodsheds have been supplanted by coal cellars and gas meters, and papas no longer spank, that is, cultured papas, you understand. There still remains a contemptible minority of the old-fashioned sort, who persist in the barbaric practice, which happily is passing with capital punishment and uncongenial prisons.

PERSONAL AUTONOMY

Percy therefore writes his own charter of personal autonomy. The hours to be spent beneath the parental roof are dictated by his own discretion. Of course there will sometimes be trouble. The family will balk at being awakened at spookish hours by the unseemly noise attendant upon the young man's home-coming. If he really must stay out so late, he has no right on that account to torture those who want to sleep. Let him seek a hotel. Percy's companions too are a matter of uncensored personal selection. That, of course, is something inevitable. Present-day fathers are too sane to attempt the absurd. "The Turk," as Edmund Burke remarked long ago, "gets such obedience as he can." So do many fathers of sons and mothers of daughters. Their youthful progeny will not fail in obedience if commands are kept in abeyance, above all in matters that lie outside the home circle.

ELECTING AN EDUCATION

By the time that Percy has finished the grammar school, every one seems to have grown familiar with the fact that the days of provisional government are over. He enters high school chiefly as a matter of personal reflection. He is not unmindful of the added independence, but in addition there are many social and other advantages connected with secondary education. Besides his father's persuasive powers still carry some force, especially if supported by a promise to "loosen up a bit" on money. He enters the school and is presented with a card to be filled in with the branches he elects to follow. Of course he himself is to do all the voting. He does it with a facility which shows how thoroughly acquainted he is with the matter of self-government as well as with the relative merits of the various branches under consideration.

CRAMPING DISCIPLINE

Things go well for a time, for two years, in fact, but then he wearies of the monotony of school life. The exactions of school discipline cramp his manhood; his inborn spirit of liberty is stifled in the atmosphere of the class-room. He yearns to take his place in the real world, where he can stand forth as an integer, instead of the fraction many seem to think him now. There he will live a real life; now he is only engaged in a make-

believe existence. One bright morning he informs the principal in a nonchalant way that he intends to sever connections with the institution. That evening he tells his father that he has quit school and secured a position with a business concern. Several courses may be elected by the paternal mentor. He may remonstrate, fume, threaten; or acquiesce and wish the youngster success in his new sphere. After all, accomplished facts are stubborn things. Why should one batter his head against cold masonry? "Well, I suppose that what is done is done. I hope you'll get your right bearings some day," and the emancipation proclamation goes forth.

DODDERING ANCIENTS

Such is a fair sample of the modern method of preparing youth for manhood. It is much nicer than the old way, in which the right of personal autocracy was withheld like a many-claused legacy until the attainment of majority. If a man is to become responsible for himself at twenty-one, why not give him the benefit of a little practice during the lagging years that go before? As well might you shackle his legs until the same age and then expect normal locomotion. That faculties improve by use, was taught by Aristotle and Aquinas. Yet, of course, there are some old heads whose cervical supports seem to permit only of lateral oscillation. They think that unfettered liberty is too dangerous a plaything for the young; that twelve and sixteen-year-olds are not quite capable of steering a safe course through the assaults of their own passions and the knavery of the world. They think that the old-fashioned hedge methods left young people plenty of space wherein to exercise their powers of self-determination, and that though the twenty-first birthday used to be a significant event in a young man's life, yet it did not find him an entire novice in the matter of personal responsibility. They suspect too that modern parents give their children their own way not so much out of reverence for the sacred liberty of the individual, as out of a desire to avoid expending the time, labor and patience necessary for the proper execution of their God-appointed task.

Well, it cannot be helped. This old world seems doomed to support its solemn brood of "croakers." Its only consolation must lie in the fact that the croakers are always wrong.

HUGH P. O'NEILL, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

At the Crib

"I HAVE just come in from my district," said the parish visitor, wearily, "and the poverty and wretchedness I have seen this afternoon makes me heart-sick. Men out of employment, sick mothers, children half-starved, and evictions, too, in this awful weather. Dozens of families are keeping just a day or so ahead of destitution, while the employment bureaus are clogged with applications, and the relief stations are almost at the end of their resources. Poverty is harder than ever at Christmas time. It is bad enough to hear those little children of the tenements talking about Christmas, knowing as I do that their Christmas, bare of the gifts they are looking for, will be the saddest day of the year; but can you think of anything more heart-crushing than the fact that some of the crippled children in my district are asking for another crutch or a new brace at Christmas, and are not going to get it?"

POVERTY

Where is it all to end? At the crib of Christ or in anarchy. No merely human reason can fathom the meaning of the awful destitution prevalent in every great city. History only records that this condition has existed in varying degrees

ever since the Fall. Sociology has no satisfactory reply; it can only describe symptoms and assign for treatment immediate causes. Economics babbles of over-production, of surplus population, of diminishing returns; it discourses learnedly of wealth without bounds fostered by unjustly restricted means of distribution; of labor, ignorant, oppressed labor, that sullen giant in our midst who one day, suddenly conscious of his power, may rise up to slay his master. In a thousand universities, from California to New York, holders of chairs of social science, dip erudite pens into midnight oil, wearily elaborating treatises which in their strongest passages but faintly tell of the human wrecks that drift across the pathway of your casual evening walk.

USELESS AGONY

But its meaning they do not attempt to set forth. It has no meaning if there is no God; or its only meaning is that the time has come for man to rise up and remove by fire and sword the oppressors of the poor from the face of the earth. But since he is a defender of law and order as he understands it, the professor, comfortable in his easy chair, has no stomach for violence. Seeing, moreover, no reason to connect God with the mundane affairs of God's creatures, the vision of the learned don can discern no possible answer in any solution which infers the supernatural. Hence, perforce, he leaves the question unanswered.

For rejecting the supernatural, there is no answer. At best, life without God is a riddle that no man can answer, and our existence is a mistake. But a life that tremulously counts days of pain and lesser pain, or is a struggle for mere subsistence or an uninterrupted career of cutting privation, is, without God, something more than an unanswerable riddle. It is a rack of useless agony. Even Christianity with its sublime promises of love and Divine comforting cannot satisfy the questioner who looks only on the surface of the uneasy waters and disregards the flow and ebb beneath.

QUESTIONING PROVIDENCE

It is easy to question the wisdom of Divine Providence; easier, even admitting its existence, to refuse to wait in patience the coming of the day which justifies God's ways. "God has taught us to call Him Father," is the cry of the over-wrought heart, "and weeping is heard in a thousand meager homes tonight. With a callousness unworthy a father's heart, He allows His children to suffer sorrow beyond conception. He bade us weary toilers of earth, the oppressed and the sorely over-laden, to come to Him for solace; and day by day the back grows wearier, the path lengthens and the burden is more oppressive. He who cares for the flowers of the field and the little bird in the swaying nest, promised to provide for us of greater worth; and our children cry in vain for bread. What is this Providence whose mercy is less than the mercy of man?"

THE SECRET LOVE

We whose vision is dim are aweary for the coming of the Lord, even though we know that in the end He will come. And knowing who He is for whom we wait, we also know, although we do not fully understand, that the hand which lies heavy upon us is the hand of love. We do not know why sorrow should be, but we do know that He who allows it loves us with a love that human words cannot express. Like little children frightened in the dark, we know that our Father will come, and that in the sweetness of His presence sorrow will be forgotten. We know that He will come for whom we wait, either here or when the lights of Heaven gladden sad and frightened eyes.

"It seems to me," writes one who had stood on the gibbet, Oscar Wilde, "that love of some kind is the only possible explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering there is in the world. I cannot conceive of any other explanation. I am convinced that there is no other, and that if the world has indeed been built of sorrow, it has been built by the hands of love, because in no other way could the soul of man for whom the world has been made reach the full stature of its perfection."

Here we learn from the lips of a man schooled by sorrow, one aspect of the Divine plan for man's redemption. Even from a viewpoint purely social, no man is worth very much who has not dwelt with sorrow. Of men and women, consecrated seekers of self, a baptism of suffering as by fire has made sacrificing givers. Broken hearts easily overflow with sympathy; the spirit that has been wounded knows best how to soothe sorrow. To have known grief is to have learned life's truest wisdom.

CHRIST AND POVERTY

But it is in God Incarnate that we must come more closely to the reason why, through the deprivation of all things desirable, the soul of man reaches "the full stature of its perfection." And the reason is that Christ gave to poverty a quasi-sacramental efficacy by which the gaze of the soul is turned from the treasures of earth to the good things of life eternal. "Blessed are you when all men shall revile and persecute you," is the teaching of Infinite Wisdom. "Blessed are the poor," said the God-Man who Himself ate the bitter bread of poverty, "for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

What He promised He practised and bade us follow. He who might have been born in a palace, chose to be born in poverty, a little Outcast, for whom there was no room in the inn. A heavenly sign led Kings to His presence, but the first whom the Royal Child received were shepherds, ambassadors from those whom He always loved best, the poor. The Incarnate Word was content to be thought the child of a village workingman, nor did He disdain, as we may believe, with those same hands wherein a universe might rest as lightly as the petal of a rose, to toil in the shop of an obscure artisan. In after years He had not where to lay His head, and from the Cross, stripped of all things, even of His honor, He looked down upon the foreign soldiers, gambling for His garment, "whose it might be." For our instruction He did and suffered these things; that viewing Him our perfect Model, we might learn that poverty is the soul's cleansing flame, or, that following Him more closely, we might embrace poverty simply because He loved and practised it.

LITTLE LESS THAN THE ANGELS

Those who have been privileged to serve Christ in His poor know how fully the Beatitude has been verified. With poverty accepted in the spirit of Christ, God gives an extraordinary keenness of spiritual vision, an unerring sense of spiritual values, and an eagerness to lay up treasures for heaven. All about us God is leading souls to high degrees of sanctity along the path of poverty. His Divine lips have spoken it. Theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Again and again have we insisted in these pages, and the lesson comes with special fitness during the commemoration of the birth of the Christ Child among the poor, that the most wisely conceived plans for the world's regeneration must end in moral and social ruin, unless they are founded on the wisdom that was made incarnate in the bosom of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and became on Calvary's heights the blood-red standard of the nations. Man is not a mere high-grade animal; he is the image of God. His soul may

remain untouched in the lowest degradation of bitter poverty; more, by embracing voluntarily or by receiving in the spirit of Christ, the deprivation of all things that men count desirable, he can quickly rise "to the full stature of his perfection."

THE IMPENDING CHOICE

To us who are Catholics, sociology spells perversion unless it recognizes this truth. Social reform must be founded on Christianity and spread from the individual to society at large. The conscience of society can never be more delicate than the collective conscience of its constituent units. As long as fraud, cruelty, oppression of the poor and the sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance are countenanced by numerous malefactors in high places, so long will these iniquities be allowed by society at large, as proper means of social, political and financial progress.

The signs of the times are ominous. Many among the oppressed who have unfortunately rejected the teachings of Christianity find a welcome and apparently serviceable substitute in discontent, rebellion, or anarchy. The submerged tenth, now far larger than a tenth, will soon make its choice. And the choice will be made either in the temples of revolt or at the Crib.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The fifteen-year-old East Side boy who, after a reprehension, reappeared on the academic scene, bearing a loaded revolver by means of which he quickly reduced the teacher to a temporary submission, now languishes under the mild restraint of the Children's Court officers, a martyr to the spirit of the times. Authority had long cramped his ardent young soul; he thought it high time that a similar process should be visited upon authority, and as he was no empty theorist, act followed thought. School children seem somewhat unmanageable these days. Old tables are being turned rapidly, and while victims of school tyranny have become as rare as dodos, harried schoolmasters are taking their place in the educational world. It was but a few months ago that a trembling master in New Jersey, fearing for life and limb, had one of his pupils arrested. Only the tender age of this 1915-model pupil prevented the Court from requiring him to give bond to keep the peace. School strikes have been rather frequent during the last two years; a fact to which ex-President Taft referred, in his Rochester speech, as an ominous indication of the increasing lack of respect for authority among children. As a rule, the difficulty begins with careless homes and is fostered there. When parental authority is rejected the best efforts of the school can accomplish but little.

No charge is resented with greater earnestness by the authorities than that the three R's are neglected in our costly and scientifically-planned public schools. The critic who is bold enough to push the charge may be deemed, according to locality, an enemy of the flag, a grimy muckraker, or simply an ordinary every-day ignoramus. Yet now and then the facts in the case indicate that whatever teachers may do, pupils are not drinking deeply at the flowing fount of the fundamental subjects. A New York newspaper, the *Bronx Home News*, recently held a prize contest for public school pupils, in which the questions were taken from "the text-books used in the schools." In its issue for December 15, the *News* thus sums up the sad results:

So glaring is the ignorance even of the most ordinary subjects shown by the pupils examined by the *News*, that even the most skeptical will pause and doubt whether the present system should not be abolished root and branch.

As to spelling, the *News* reports that "the general average is so low as to be almost unbelievable," nor were the results in geography and civics much better:

One boy 8A said that Alaska was in the northeast of the United States. Many had only a hazy notion that such a place existed. In answer to the question: "What is the Monroe Doctrine?" a pupil of 7B-2 said: "The Monroe Doctrine stated that all States who are slave should be admitted in the Union."

The *News* found that "only one pupil could read properly." Much of the reading "was painful to listen to," but the worst of the lot was an eighth-grade pupil, noted for proficiency in German. The generalization of the *News*, that the present system should be "abolished, root and branch," is probably too broad; it might be well, however, to cut away the many useless branches which at present distract the attention of the child from the subjects of deeper importance.

Writing in *Farm and Fireside*, Mr. Hugh Fullerton advances the thesis that a "moderate drinker" cannot be a good ball player and presents formidable figures to prove his claim. Non-drinkers win more games, steal more bases, field more accurately, and hit for a higher average than the man who thinks that "an occasional bottle of beer won't do him any harm." The trend and convolution of Mr. Fullerton's carefully compiled figures appear very impressive, but the argument itself seems based on the assumption that no one can remain a moderate drinker. Mr. Fullerton is correct when he doubts the efficiency of law in doing away with intemperance, but it is well to remember that law can do very much in removing temptation from the weaker brethren. Although the war regulations on the subject of drink, issued in England, France, and Russia have not done all that was hoped for, still it seems undeniable that the Central Control Board, established in England last June, has greatly lessened intemperance by making access to alcoholic liquors difficult. According to the *New York Tribune*, the enforced reduction of the strength of spirituous liquors and the "no treating" order have brought about a reduction of forty per cent in drunkenness in England and Wales.

In the December *Missionary* there is a discriminating article by Mgr. Pozzi on our ever recurring Italian problem. The writer speaks with a calm courage that compels conviction and admits without cavil the unsatisfactory spiritual condition of the Italians in America. This he attributes to many causes. First amongst these, he places the philosophy of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot which has done full work in Italy, corrupting adults and children who read it in their text-books and see it illustrated in the lives of their teachers. The secret societies are set down as the second instrument of perversion. In a few rapid sentences Mgr. Pozzi sketches their program, showing how they have injected their poison into the arteries of the nation, and covered the land with pitfalls. Socialism has done its evil work no less effectively, by preaching no God, no Church, no authority, no property, no law. The chief organ of this infamous propaganda is a well-known paper reeking with blasphemy and deceit, which is ever insisting that the priest is the enemy of the people. But according to Mgr. Pozzi this is not the whole evil. He judges the Italian priests too self-confident and asserts that many of them are remiss and careless in giving religious instruction:

In the mountain districts, especially in the South, whence come most of the Italians to America, the Catechism is pitiously neglected. It is well-nigh discouraging to find some young men and women fresh from Italy who are unable to say even the Our Father and the Hail Mary. They come to us to be married, it may be, and they have not so much as

made their first Communion, or first Confession even. Such cases are infrequent, of course; but it is only too common to find a deplorable lack of knowledge of the very essentials of religion. In part, this is due to their illiteracy, no doubt; but that is not the whole story. And the pity of it is, that when they come to this New World they must meet very different conditions from those in their mountain homes; there the dangers of proselytism, of false teachers, did not threaten them as they do here.

This is the dark side of the picture, the other side is brighter; the author of the sketch brings out in strong relief the Italians' lovable traits and asserts that if their children were educated in Catholic schools, the Italian problem would be solved in one generation. He suggests the formation of a "Catholic School Extension Society" to provide accommodation for the children, especially in the great industrial centers. This is an idea well worth consideration, for these swarthy little children are sons of a noble race that has done much for God.

A lie about Catholics retains its life and vigor longer than does any other kind. How often for example, is the assertion made that "one of the Church Councils" denied woman a soul. As recently as July 24, 1915, the venerable calumny was exposed in the pages of *AMERICA*, and the writer of the article mentioned a few of the numerous times that the lie had already been nailed. But the author of the leading paper in the December *Atlantic Monthly* makes the old specter walk once more. He writes

I seem to remember that in the Middle Ages an ecumenical [*sic*] council denied her [woman] a soul. I forget the result, but it never occurred to the council to discuss whether man had a soul, possibly because its members were all men.

The editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* would have done a kind deed had he prevented the flippant author of that passage from even seeming "to remember" the absurdity referred to, and certainly should have kept him from forgetting "the result." For the Council of Mâcon, which is the one, no doubt, that the *Atlantic's* contributor has vaguely in mind, was so far from having "denied woman a soul" that the question was not even discussed there, much less formulated into a canon.

A recent issue of the *Irish Catholic* contains this instructive paragraph:

Ireland's criminal statistics for 1914 show that the number of indictable offences was 8,504, equal to an annual rate of 1.94 per thousand, as compared with a rate of 2.11 per thousand in 1913, and 2.27 in 1912, and 2.24 in 1911. The number of persons tried was 163,041, a decrease of 15,099. There was a decrease of 4,804 in the number of persons tried for drunkenness in 1914, as compared with the preceding year, and compared with the average for ten years there was a decrease of 16,201 persons. There were 32 charges of murder, and of these 22 were for murder of persons aged above one year, and 10 for murder of infants aged one year or under. Offences against property with violence numbered 709, being 122 under the number in 1913 and 152 under the five years' average. Drunkenness had decreased in the whole of Ireland, such cases including also cases of assault, constituting 38.3 per cent of the total offences committed in the year 1914. The number of cases of drunkenness was 54,715.

The great decrease in drunkenness is most encouraging to all who have the interest of Ireland at heart. When the Irish are allowed to manage their own affairs, economic conditions will improve, and the unfortunate people, who only too often have been driven to the bottle for a stimulus which should have come from sufficient wholesome food, will no longer be victims of a cruel hardship which tempts indulgence in intoxicants.